

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published half-monthly by Munroe and Francis.

NO. 5.]

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1820.

[VOL. VII.]

### A CATARACT OF EIGHT HUNDRED FEET.

From the Monthly Magazine, April 1820.

#### ACCOUNT of a remarkable CATARACT in NORWAY.

NORWAY may boast of a cataract or waterfall, much superior to that of Schaffhausen on the Rhine, or even to the famous fall of Niagara in North America. It was discovered or noticed for the first time, about eight years ago, by Professor Esmark; a circumstance which is attributed to its very remote situation in the most lonely part of the interior, and to the very scanty number of curious travellers that resort to the Hyperborean regions, for the purpose of making observations.

It is situated in the district named Tellemarken, and named Riakan-Fossen which in the Norwegian idiom, denotes the *smoke of water falling*. An immense cloud, formed by the drops of water in evaporation, to a spectator has the appearance of torrents of smoke.

Doctor Schouw, of Copenhagen, visited this cataract in the summer of 1812. This gentleman is one of the fifteen voyagers that have been dispatched by the King of Denmark into different parts of the world, for the purpose of illustrating the sciences. He was in Italy, in 1818. From his

observations this account has been transcribed.

M. Schouw could not fail to be struck with astonishment at the view of this magnificent spectacle of nature, so imposing and tremendous to the sense, though the fall is by far the most considerable in the spring, when the snow melts from the mountains. This immense descent consists, properly speaking, of three falls, two upon inclined planes, each of which, separately, would form such a cataract as is nowhere to be seen, and the last is an abrupt and precipitate perpendicular. Professor Esmark made a measurement of this last leap, and rates it at 800 feet in height!

In general, such cascades as are most elevated have the least water, and such as discharge large masses of water have little elevation; but in the Riakan-Fossen, the rule is reversed. The volume of its waters is supplied from a very considerable river, called the Maamelven into which the lake Mioswatten, which is eight or ten German leagues in extent, empties itself, not far from the cascade.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE CYPRESS CROWN.

A Tale.

BY THE BARONESS, CAROLINE DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE<sup>1</sup>.

[The following article consists of a translation of one of the short tales of the Baroness de la Motte Fouque—a lady whose compositions, both in verse and prose, enjoy, at present, great popularity all over Germany. She is the wife of that Baron de la Motte Fouque whose beautiful story of *Undine* has been translated into English—and whose *Magic Ring*, *Waldemar the Pilgrim*, and *Eginhard and Emma*, ought all to be translated immediately.]

THE promises of peace, which for many months had been depending, came at last to be fulfilled. The army returned home; with seriousness and solemnity they entered once more the liberated and wonderfully rescued capital.

It was a Sunday morning. Since day-break, young and old had been pressing through the streets towards the gates. The guards could with difficulty keep any degree of authority in the storm of unrestrained and irresistible joy.

Crowded, squeezed, and as it were, twined and twisted through each other, stood this expectant assembly; and as the wished-for moment approached, became the more deeply and inwardly affected. There was scarcely a sound audible in the multitude, when at last the powerful yet melancholy voice of the trumpets gave their first greeting from afar. Then tears fell from a thousand eyes; many a breaking heart was chilled; and on the lips of all, low and anxious whispers trembled. Now shone the first gleams of armour thro' the open gates. Scattered flowers and garlands flew to meet them; for every tree had paid its tribute; every garden had granted a share from its variegated treasures. A lovely child, stationed in a high bow-window, raised its round white arms on high, and receiving from its weeping, turned-away mother, a coronet of leaves, threw it down among the passing troops beneath. A lancer, who happened to be the first to notice this occurrence, good-humouredly took up the wreath on his lance, while he playfully nodded to the fair little angel above. He had his eyes still directed in this manner,

when his commanding officer, riding on, exclaimed, "Ha! Wolfe!—a cypress wreath! How came you by such a thing—it may be thought an unlucky omen!" Wolfe put the crown on his right arm, however, and not without some discomposure rode on!

After a long tedious delay, employed in putting up the horses in the regimental stables, giving them water and provender, the quarter-billets were at last distributed. Wolfe, on receiving his ticket, had the mortification to perceive that it directed him to the house of a well-known rich butcher! His comrades wished him joy—rallied him on the good eating which awaited him; and profited by the opportunity to invite themselves frequently to become his guests. He, meanwhile, took off his *schako*\* in silence, twisted the billet among its gold tassels, and twice passing his hand through his luxuriant locks, he said, not without considerable vexation, "this, forsooth, is rare luck! No doubt the rich miser is well enough known!—I heartily wish, however, that I had been quartered any where else!" "Ha, ha! what a silly fellow you must be!" cried a bold knowing comrade—"what is it to you, pray, if your host is a miser or a spendthrift? Only let him be rich enough—then a soldier is sure to be well off. However, you must begin with politeness and address—every thing depends on good management." "That is very true, I grant you?" said Wolfe, as he threw his knapsack over his shoulder—"but there are a set of people in the world on whom all politeness is thrown away, and who have no heart or feeling for man nor beast. If ever I meet with a butcher's waggon in the streets, full of miserable animals tied and bundled together, and see how the poor beasts lie there over and under one another, groaning sometimes, so that it

\* The square cap worn by the Prussian lancers.



cuts one to the heart, and mark how the fellows plod on behind the cart in utter indifference—whistling perhaps all the time, I have much ado to withhold myself from falling on, and beating the scoundrels heartily! Besides, to say the truth, I have had enough of blood and slaughter, and begin to be disgusted with the whole trade!”

“Oh!” cried his laughing companions, “Wolfe cannot bear the sight of blood—Thou chicken-hearted fellow!—And when did this terror come upon thee?”—“Don’t talk nonsense,” replied Wolfe angrily—“in battle, when man stands against man, and besides, when there are different motives for action, (laying his hand on his iron cross) one looks neither to the right nor the left, but in a soberer mood—well then, I shall not deny it, whenever I pass by a butcher’s stall, and see the bloody axe, and hear (or fancy that I hear) the groans of agony, I feel inwardly, as if the fibres of my heart were torn—and therefore, I do wish that I had been quartered any where else!”

His comrades began to laugh at him more than ever, though they did not venture it till he had gone a little way. He then looked round at them, and shook his lance, half jesting, half angry. They made faces at him in return, but soon began to disperse, and Wolfe proceeded on the road to his quarters.

He had not gone far when he found the street and the number. Already at a distance he saw a gigantic man in his shirt-sleeves, standing under the doorway. His countenance of a dusky yellow complexion, was quite shaded over by coal-black bushy projecting eyebrows; the small eyes, devoid of intellect, appeared to watch the rolling vapours of a short pipe.—One hand was placed in the waistcoat pocket, the other seemed to dance up and down the silver notes of the pipe, which rested ever and anon on his goodly person. Wolfe saluted him courteously, and, with a modest bow, shewed him his billet; upon which the man squinted at him sidewise, and without attending any further to his guest, he pointed, with his thumb bent backwards, to the house—at the same time adding, in a

gloomy and indifferent tone—“Only go in there, Sir! my people know already.”

Wolfe bit his lips, and entering somewhat abruptly his sabre that rattled after him, happened to inflict a pretty sharp blow across the legs of Mein-herr John, his landlord. “What the devil in hell!” grumbled the butcher. Wolfe, however, did not allow himself to enter into any explanation or dispute, but passed on, and came into the court. He found there a pale and sickly-looking girl carrying two buckets of water. Wolfe, drawing near to her, inquired if she was the servant of his landlord? The girl remained silent, and as if terrified standing before him. She had set down the two buckets on the ground, and looked on him with large rayless eyes unsteadily. Her complexion seemed always to become more pale, till she resembled a marble statue more than an animated being. Meanwhile, as Wolfe renewed his question, she let her head sink upon her breast, and taking up the buckets again, she said, with her eyes fixed on a short flight of steps that led by a servant’s door into the house, “Come up here; and immediately at the first door on the right hand you will find your chamber.”

Wolfe looked after her a while quite lost in thought, then climbed up the narrow stairs, and found all as she had told him. The room was small and dark; the air oppressive and suffocating. From the rough smoky walls large pieces of the lime had fallen away, and here and there were scraps of writing, initials, and figures of men and women, and beasts’ heads, drawn with pieces of coal, or a burnt stick. Right opposite to the half-blinded window stood a miserable bed; and near it he saw a red-rusty nail, sticking a long way out of the walls. Wolfe hung his cypress crown upon it; placed his lance and sabre in a corner; threw his knapsack upon the table, and more than once, grumbling within his teeth, “What lubberly fellows these rich misers are!” he kicked aside two broken stools, went and leaned out of the window, and by degrees whistled his anger away.

Over the court and neighbouring

buildings was visible a fine large garden, which "*looked out*," fresh and fragrant through the bluish-grey atmosphere of the town. *There* dark avenues twined their branches on high, in arches like those of a gothic cathedral over the solitary places; golden sun-flowers waved on their limber stalks over long labyrinths of red and white roses; walks and thickets surrounded the whole. *There*, all was silent; the rich luxuriance of the domain seemed like that of an enchanted wood, that no mortal foot had ever violated. Wolfe surveyed this garden with extraordinary pleasure, and would almost have given the world for the privilege of walking through a region of so much beauty and stillness; but however this might be, he became quite reconciled to his apartment on account of its having such a prospect.

He kept himself quiet through the rest of the day, giving himself little concern about what might be going on in the house. Towards evening his military duties called him abroad. He returned just after it had begun to grow dark. The window still remained open. He drew a chair towards it, filled his pipe, seated himself, and rolling out ample volumes of smoke into the serene air, resigned himself to the voluntary flow of his thoughts and recollections.

The solitary garden, the obscure canopy of the trees, the bright moon-shine that gleamed over them—all these things harmonized wonderfully together, and woke in his mind infinite trains of long-lost associations. He thought of his home, and of his aged mother; and by degrees became altogether oppressed and melancholy. It occurred to him, that he was here absolutely without any one who took an interest in his fate; and all at once he felt an extraordinary longing and anxiety for his brother, who had now for a long time roamed about the world, and of whom no satisfactory intelligence had for many years been received. He had at first been a baker's apprentice—had afterwards entered into an engagement as a chaise-driver—and at last all traces of his name and fortune had, among strangers, vanished quite away.---

"Perhaps," thought Wolfe, "he has also become a soldier; and now, when peace has come, and every nation is tranquil, news may have in all probability arrived at home of my poor brother Andrew."

With this persuasion he endeavoured to console himself; but could not help wishing immediately to write home for information; the recollection of his brother had so suddenly and deeply agitated his heart.

Wolfe now for the first time noticed with great vexation, that they had given him no light. *This* at least he resolved to demand. He got up therefore, (not without a soldier-like oath) and dressed as he then happened to be, in a short linen waistcoat, and without a neckcloth, went out. According to his custom when much irritated, he passed his hands over his head several times, raising his luxuriant locks in such a manner as to give a considerable wildness to his *tout ensemble*, and cautiously groped his way down stairs. In the lobby there glimmered a dusky lamp. Wolfe stepped into the circle of the uncertain radiance, looked about for some means or other of obtaining his object, and searched with his hand for the bell-rope. At this moment Mein-herr John happened to return home from his evening recreation at the ale-house; and with glowing complexion and glistening eyes, (not being aware of Wolfe's presence) gave the accustomed signal with a hard knotted stick on the door. Wolfe perceiving this, stepped up to meet him, carrying his head very high (while the light, such as it was, shone full upon him), and said, in a commanding tone, "Must I always sit in the dark?" Mein-herr John started as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, let the cudgel fall out of his hands, looked about wildly and aghast, then rushed in and passed by Wolfe, uttering a deep groan of indescribable terror. "Is he mad, or drunk?" said our hero, who, at this strange behaviour, grew more irritated, applied himself resolutely to the bell, and stood prepared to raise a still greater disturbance, when the pale interesting girl, Louisa, stepped out timidly, and, on hearing his de-



mand, excused her negligence, and, with a light in her hand, hastened up stairs before him. She then set the candle on the table, shut the window, wiped the dust from the chairs, and, in her silent and quiet manner, employed herself for a while in the room.

Wolfe was very reserved and modest with ladies—he hated scandal; and, on the whole, perhaps, had not much confidence in the house. For these reasons, the presence of the girl rather vexed him. He kept himself turned away, and drummed with his fingers against the window. Louisa stood at the bed, with spread hands, smoothing and arranging the bed clothes. Wolfe heard her sigh deeply, and involuntarily looked after her, as she retired sobbing and hanging down her head with an expression of the deepest melancholy. All this vexed him to the soul. “What then can she weep for?” said he to himself—“Has my rough manner terrified her? or, in my hurry, have I used to her some harsh words?” He had already the light in his hands, and anxiously hastened after her—“Stop, stop, my dear!” cried he aloud; “it is as dark at pitch on the stairs!—you may do yourself a mischief!”—Louisa was still standing on the first steps. Wolfe leaned over the railing and lighted her down. She thanked him with emotion, and her humid eyes were lifted up to him with an expression of unaccountable grief. Wolfe beheld her with silent perplexity, not unmingled with pleasure, for he now perceived that she was very pretty; and a fine, but rather hectic, red played alternately over her interesting features. He took her hand respectfully—“My dear,” said he, “you are so much agitated—have I offended you?”—“Oh heavens! certainly not,” answered she, beginning to weep anew. “Then, surely,” said Wolfe, earnestly, “some one else has done something to distress you?” Louisa folded both hands, pressed them to her eyes, and slightly shook her head—“God has so willed,” said she; “you also have been sent hither; good Heavens! all was so well—so tranquil—now all my afflictions are renewed!” She made signs to Wolfe that he must

not follow her; wiped the tears with her apron from her eyes; and went silently down the steps.

Wolfe having returned to his room, sat for a long time right opposite to the candle, leaning his head on his hands; and, without being able to account for the extraordinary and mysterious emotion by which he was overwhelmed, all his thoughts involuntarily became more and more dark and melancholy, just as if some fearful and heavy misfortune were about to fall upon him. He could not prevail over his reflections so as to bring them into any regular order; so deeply had the voice of the weeping Louisa penetrated into his heart. Her accents were now inwardly renewed, and divided, as it were into a thousand echoes. In listening to her, it had not been without difficulty that he had refrained from tears; her touching sorrow almost broke his heart; and his own fate seemed unaccountably involved with her misfortunes.

Thus wholly occupied and lost in deep thought, he began, absently, to engrave with a penknife, (which lay near his tobacco-pouch, and had served for clearing his pipe), all sorts of lines and angles on the crazy old wooden table at which he sat. Without knowing or intending it, he had engraven on the already hacked and disfigured boards, Louisa’s name, which he had overheard frequently called aloud through the house. On observing what he had done, he almost started; and then drew the knife several times across the letters to obliterate the name. As he was then more fully made aware of what he had done, all at once there appeared to him, clearly and undeniably, traces of the very same name, and in his own hand-writing, on several corners of the table. Wolfe again started, rubbed his eyes, and stared at these characters, comparing in them the well-known difficultly-formed great L, and the other letters, with his own writing; “Am I bewitched?” cried he; trying to recollect whether he had not absolutely and really written these other inscriptions himself—but his arms could not have reached so far; and as yet he had not sat at any other side of the table.

"Yet all this must be d——d nonsense!" muttered he; at the same time looking about rather timidly through the obscure chamber. The fallen down broken places in the wall, especially near the bed, diversifying the black distorted faces traced with charcoal—the general uncouth desolation of the visibly neglected apartment appeared, in the uncertain scanty light, in a high degree disquieting and formidable. To Wolfe it seemed even as if the rudely-traced caricature faces were known to him. He shuddered involuntarily, and hastily extinguished the light, in order to escape, if possible, from such hobgoblins and preternatural impressions. Besides, it had become too late to think of writing any more. For a moment he wished to breathe the free air, for without he thought it would be cool and refreshing. He opened the window again therefore. All appeared still and slumbering: and the cool breath of night saluted him. From a neighbouring cellar, however, even now, rays of light wereshining forth; and soon after Wolfe heard the hammers ringing loudly on the anvil. "Poor soul," thought he, "thou art already making the most of these midnight hours, which to thee begin a week of hard labour." The glowing iron now brightly scattered its sparks, as if from the bowels of the earth into the lonely gloom of the night. "He probably sharpens knives and hatchets for the butcher," continued Wolfe to himself; "that suits Mein-herr John exactly, and is quite convenient and useful for both. How all trades assist one another, and depend on each other, in this world!"

He had once more become tranquil, and looked for a long time into the beautiful garden, which at night appeared for the first time inhabited; for Wolfe now plainly marked some one slowly moving up and down through the obscure walks. Sometimes the form stood still, and lifted its arm, as if beckoning to some one to follow. Wolfe could not distinguish the figure narrowly enough—for the rising veil of vapours often concealed it as if in long white robes; and the more anxiously he fixed his eyes upon it, the

more faintly and glimmeringly one object, as it were, melted into another. At last Wolfe came from the window, and, leaving it open, threw himself into bed. The now dry leaves of his cypress wreath, which hung upon the wall, fluttered, and rustled over him in the draught of the window. Wolfe started up at the sound, calling out, "Who's there?" and he bethought himself but half awake where he was. His eyes now chanced to rest upon the window, and *there* he could not help believing, that he beheld the same form that had before appeared in the garden looking in upon him. "Devil take your jokes!" cried our hero, becoming quite angry, not only with this intruder, but still more with himself, for the death-like tremor which came over him. He then drew his head hastily under the clothes, and from fatigue fell asleep under loud audible beating of his heart.

One hour, as he believed, (but a longer interval, perhaps, in reality,) had the mysterious influences of the world of dreams reigned over his senses, when a strange noise once more alarmed him. The moon was still contending with the light of day, of which the faint gray dawn was visible; and now a low moaning sound was again heard close to our hero. He instantly tore the clothes from his face, and set both his arms at liberty. Then with one hand stretched out, and the other lifted up for combat, he forced his eyes wide open, and stared about him. He was at first not a little terrified, on beholding a great white dog, with his two fore-feet placed upon the bed, and stretching up his head, with large round eyes fixed upon him, and gleaming in the twilight. This unexpected guest however wagged his tail, and licked the hand that was stretched out to drive him away—so that Wolfe could not find in his heart to fulfil his intention; the dog fawning, always came nearer and nearer; and, as if through customary right, remained at last quietly in the same position. "Probably he must belong to some one here," thought our hero, stroking him on the back; "and now believes that I am his master. Who knows what in-



habitant may have left this apartment to make room for me? Scarcely had he said these last words, when the dreams, out of which he had just awoke, regained all their influence, and he could not help believing that there had really been some important and preternatural visitant with him in his chamber. Reflection on this subject, however, was too painful and perplexing to be continued. He therefore sprang out of bed, and, as it was already day-break, he began to put his accoutrements in order, and prepared himself to go to the stables. The dog continued snuffling about him, and attentively watched and imitated his every look and movement. Wolfe twice shewed him to the door, which the troublesome animal had opened in the night, and which still stood open; but he shewed not the slightest inclination to retire from the presence of his new master.

In the court all was now alive and busy. The butcher's men went gaily about, whistling and singing, some of them pious songs, and others, such as they had learned at the ale-house.—Wolfe stood at the window, and brushed the dust from his foraging cap, now and then looking down at the mock-fighting, wrestling, and other practical jokes, of these rude sturdy companions. One of them, who appeared somewhat older than the rest, and moreover wore a morose and discontented aspect, drew from the stable a poor old withered hack, buckled on a leathern portmantau, threw himself into a faded shabby great coat, and with a large whip in his hand, twisted his fingers through the mane and bridle; fixed one foot in the stirrup, and endeavoured to bring up the other with a violent swing. However, the poor worn-out animal, who had not recovered from the effects of his last journey, kicked and plunged to prevent himself from being mounted; while the awkward horseman, in a rage, checked and tore him with the reins, kicked him with his feet in the side, and with his clenched fist on the head. "Infamous scoundrel!" said Wolfe, whose blood boiled with indignation, "if the fellow can't ride, what business has he to meddle with horses!—It is a

miserable thing to see a fellow in this situation, who has never been a soldier!" At last, the despicable rider got himself seated in the saddle, drew a white felt cap over his eyes, and jogged away, bending his body almost double as he passed under the outward gateway. Wolfe was glad when he was thus fairly gone; yet his absence had not continued long, when our hero again heard the long-legged old gray horse trampling over the stones. The rider had forgotten something. He shouted, whistled, and cursed alternately; then rode up with much noise to an under window, and demanded, "if no one had seen Lynx?" This honest creature now lay growling at Wolfe's feet, and shewed his teeth angrily, every time the well-known voice called him from below. Wolfe was by no means inclined, on account of his new friend, to enter into any quarrels; however, as he stood at the window, and patted Lynx on the head, he took the trouble of calling out—"If it is the great white dog that you want, here he lies in the room with me. I did not bring him hither, and do not wish to keep him; but he will not go away." The bawling fellow stared at him, with his mouth wide open; once more pulled down his cap; and, without saying another word, rode away about his business. "So much the better," thought Wolfe—stroking smooth the bristly rough hair of Lynx. "Stay thou here, my good old dog, and take care of my knapsack whilst I am absent." The dog looked at him, as if he understood every word—drew his hind legs under him, and with the fore-legs stretched out, he laid himself across the threshold of the door, with his head lifted up, and keeping watch attentively.

Wolfe then went about his professional duties, endeavouring to forget the painful night that he had passed; and assumed an appearance of merriment, which he was in reality far from enjoying. In currying and rubbing down his horse, however, he sung one song after another, while his comrades about him, in the meanwhile, had much to complain of in their reception, and wished for the return of better days. "There he is, in high spirits," said

they, pointing to Wolfe. "But then," added they, "a bird that sings so early in the morning, the vulture will catch before night!" "It may be so!" said Wolfe gravely; for from the first he had expected nothing good from his residence with the butcher; and it always seemed as if there was yet to come a violent dispute and quarrel with his host. "Well now,"—said another, "thou say'st nothing all this while about thy quarters, and how thou hast been entertained. Now is the time to speak out!"—"What's the use of talking?" answered Wolfe, "that will not make one's vexations a whit less. I knew very well before, the people here use so many high-sounding words—and try to appear so polite and important; but unluckily most of them lag devilishly behind in making good all their professions, 'Soldiers billeted!' think they—that gives us no trouble—we can entertain them in our own way—for no one knows or inquires any thing about them—and as to what the poor hungry devils themselves may say—no one will believe them. For such gentry, in their own opinion, there is never any thing good enough!" "Very true!" cried they, all laughing. "There you hit the nail on the head. So it is, indeed!" "But," continued one, "with the green trumpery—the leaves and flowers that they threw to meet us—*there* they were quite profuse and splendid. But not even a horse—much less a man, could live on such provender—yet one cannot feed on the air—*this* they should know still better than we do." "Let all this alone," interposed Wolfe, "and don't make such a fuss about a few morsels, which, when they are once swallowed, are forgotten." "Nay—nay," said a non-commissioned officer, "it is for the want of due respect and honour that we find fault. A soldier ought to be respected." "Respect!" replied Wolfe, "that indeed is an idea which would never enter into their heads. Out of mere shame, they are full of poison and gall, and would, therefore, wish to degrade us even in their own eyes. Therefore a bayonet or sabre, appears to them like a sword of justice; and out of sheer

vexation they become insolent." "All this will soon have an end," interrupted the serjeant; "you, my good friends, will be paid off; then every one will live on his money as well as he can." "Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, "I shall gladly, with my sixpence a-day, *buy off* their long faces and sulky tempers." "Aye—aye!" shouted a jovial merry companion. "Then we shall have enough for ourselves, and spend it freely, and give these gentry a share of our wealth as long as it lasts!" He then struck up the old song—

"And if then our cash and our credit grow low,  
"Fair ladies adieu!—through the world we must go!"  
&c. &c.

All laughed at the song, (of which we have given but the first two lines) and Wolfe among the rest; for indeed it now seemed to him as if an overpowering weight had been lifted from his breast. "In a few days," thought he, "all will be well. Our present restraints and difficulties will be at an end."

Through the day he avoided being too much at his quarters. Louisa, at all events, would not let herself be visible; and as to the rest of the household, he had no wish to meet any of them.

It was now late in the evening, when he stood under the door-way, and looked about him through the street. Not long after arrived the savage rider, who had excited his indignation in the morning. He came in at a short jog trot; and, without perceiving Wolfe, rode straight forward to the stable, whither the poor old hack, of his own accord, was steering with all his might. Having dismounted,—shaken himself two or three times,—and beat his old slovenly boots together, this elegant squire at last betook himself to the low parlour within doors, to wait on Mein-herr John. Wolfe had now stepped out into the street, and walked up and down before the house. In a short time he heard loud voices within, and involuntarily looked up to the window—The fellow seemed in violent altercation with his master—He held an empty leathern purse in one hand, and beat with it violently now and then on the table that stood before him. Mein-herr



John, meanwhile, walked up and down with gestures of evident mortification and perplexity, while the other exclaimed in a loud voice, "What the master wastes on cards and dice, must never be reckoned or thought of!—*that* one of us must be driven to make up for; but he had better not begin with me; for on my soul I won't suffer it!" The butcher would now have interfered again; but the fellow, over and over, with the red flush of anger in his countenance, persisted: "What the devil! shall I allow myself to be abused in this manner for such a paltry sum—I that have helped him, in my day, to gain so much?"—"Now, now, this is all very well," said the butcher, in a conciliatory tone; his opponent, however, came a step nearer to him, and holding up his clenched fist in his master's face—"Let him forget another time," cried he, "that I have him in my power, and, whenever I please, can make him as cold as a dead dog!"

To Wolfe it now seemed as if an ice-cold sepulchral hand had been drawn over him.—He ran up to his apartment, and locked himself in; for he felt exactly as if he had fallen into a den of murderers. His faithful adherent Lynx now came up to him crouching:—he caressed the animal as a companion in adversity, and looked into his honest open eyes for consolation.

It was plain, that ever since our hero came under the roof of his present abode, a heavy, resistless, and unaccountable weight had pressed upon him. He could enjoy nothing,—had no command over his thoughts,—and could not apply to any pursuit for pastime. Mechanically he measured the small room with his steps a hundred times over; and did not lay himself for the first time to sleep till it was late in the night.

When, on the following morning, the trumpet blew for feeding the horses, with a feverish timidity and trembling, he started from his sleep, out of the obscure world of dreams, by whose influences his senses, in a kind of half consciousness, had been ruled and agitated. He sprang disordered out of bed; the

Y ATHENEUM VOL. 7.

small fragment of mirror that he had in his knapsack exhibited his countenance, pale as death, and the features swollen, relaxed, almost metamorphosed, on which the traces of a miserable internal conflict still were but too obvious. Even through the whole succeeding day his endeavours to recover himself were in vain. His comrades looked at him anxiously and perplexed; asked questions, and urged him for an answer—but he remained invincibly reserved, and would by no means enter into any explanation. Meanwhile he went about all his affairs and professional duties as if he were in a dream, managed (or mis-managed) every thing under the greatest distraction; and encountered the reprimands, that he received for such conduct, without shame, and indeed with apathy.

So passed over the whole day. In the evening he sat with several of his comrades on a bench before the guard-house. It was now very misty, and a thick oppressive sky hung over them. All seemed in good humour, and occasionally joined together in the chorus of several excellent old songs. Wolfe listened, or seemed to listen, in truth without perceiving any thing that passed around him; but when at last his next neighbour started up, and said, "now, it is time, every one must to his quarters!" his heart began to beat, and his knees tottered under him, so that he could hardly support himself. His comrade, however, had been observing him for a long while, and believed that he was certainly ill, now seized him by the arm, and they loitered along for a considerable distance together. When they had come at last to the neighbourhood of the butcher's house, Wolfe suddenly stood still, and, inwardly shuddering, heaved a deep sigh. "No!" said he to himself, "I shall no longer bear undivulged these obscure and horrible thoughts, which have rendered my conduct so reserved and extraordinary; and which, buried in my heart, torment me to death!" "Now then," cried the other, "only resolve boldly.—Come! out with it from the heart, fresh, and without any reserve or qualification!—What have you to tell?" "Don't

laugh," said Wolfe, "it was a dream, such as might render you and me and every one insane that hears it!" The wild eyes and faltering voice of our hero involuntarily startled his comrade—both looked fearfully and pale at one another. When at last they had arrived at the butcher's house, and entered together the mysterious apartment; "Here then," said Wolfe, "look attentively round you. In this room has appeared to me now, for these two nights past, a grey white spectre, with features blood-stained and emaciated, worn and gnawn away by the mouldering damps of the grave. This apparition seats itself on that chair before my bed; and, with its head leaned on its hands, looks at me imploringly. I wake not—I sleep not—I feel and see, and yet cannot move a limb. After a while the figure makes signs to me, and points to that garden, which you may perceive yonder over the walls. The spectre moves not its lips, and yet it appears to me as if I heard a voice directing me: "*There near the ruined ice-house, under the two lime trees, growing out of one stem, shalt thou go and search!*" It ceases not to make signs, and to supplicate, till the day-light once more glimmers on mine eyes; and I awake—I cannot say to self-possession, for these horrible impressions are indelible!"

Both, for some time, remained thoughtful and in silence; while, from the doubt and perplexity of his companion, Wolfe found himself, by contrast, growing more energized and resolute. "Should it appear again to night," said he, "I shall follow the ghost. I must cut this mysterious knot with one bold stroke, otherwise it will continue to fetter and enervate both soul and body." "Indeed! are you determined?" said his comrade—"Why not?" said Wolfe. "This requires consideration," said the other. "Who knows what you may come to see there?" "That's all one," said Wolfe; "I must know the secret import of this visitation, otherwise I can have no rest. His comrade played with the tassels of his laced helmet, and was silent." It now lightened at a distance, and began also to rain.—Wolfe stepped to the window—

"You must go now!" said he to his comrade; "for, at all events, your presence cannot be of any service to me in this affair. A ghost seldom deals with more than one individual at a time." He took leave of his friend, therefore, after having escorted him to the door; and said, at parting, "Have no fears on my account—the goodness of Heaven will support me!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when, with great emotion, he recollected how visibly near to him Providence had frequently been in battle; and how often, amid difficulty and danger, a short tranquil prayer had stilled the anxiety of his heart, and recalled his wandering senses. When he had returned from seeing his comrade down stairs, scolded Lynx into quietness, and summoned all his self-possession, he extinguished the light, kneeled in a corner of the room, and, with heartfelt devotion, said a *pater-noster*. After this, his tranquillity was perfectly restored. He had even a degree of pleasure in listening to the majestic thunder that sublimely rolled over the yet living town, and attracted the attention of its varied inhabitants, whose eyes, from time to time, were dazzled and blinded by the sudden and vivid lightning.

Towards morning (though there was yet no day-light) Wolfe began to close his eyes, exhausted and harassed. Not long after, his nightly visitant once more placed itself near him. Its gestures were now more earnest and anxious; and it appeared to Wolfe, in his sleep, as if Lynx barked very loud, and seized and dragged him by the arm. He was fearfully agitated, in a vain strife between sleep and waking, with the inability at first to break from his dream. At last a frightful gleam of lightning filled his apartment, and forced him out of this almost deadly combat. Instantly he sprang out of bed—rain and wind rattled violently on the windows—the garden opposite seemed wrapt in flames.—Wolfe beheld nothing around him but fire and devastation—yet the loud thunder gave him courage. He took his mantle from the wall, wrapt himself in it, carried his sabre under his arm, whistled for Lynx, who, terrified



by the thunder, ran moaning backwards and forwards, and, trusting in God, proceeded on his way.

In the house, all, on account of the storm, were awake. He found the door half open, and stepped into the court. The louring clouds swept over him—it seemed almost as if the spirit of the storm was riding through the air on audible wings. The rain came pouring down, and for a moment he had nearly lost his resolution.—Lynx, however, now recovered from his fright, sprang with unwieldy gambols around him, and led him onwards, sometimes barking aloud, and glaring with his eyes as if animated by some extraordinary design. In this manner our hero was drawn onwards towards a neighbouring wall, in which he at last perceived a small entrance gate. He tried the lock in different ways till it opened, and he now found himself within the beautiful garden which he had admired so much.

The trees shook their drenched heads, and saluted him with those deep rustling sounds, by which they responded to the violent attack of the storm. He went rapidly onwards beneath their agitated canopy, while his labouring heart became so anxious and oppressed that he could hardly breathe. Meanwhile the relentless tempest beat the flowers one against another, crushed their tender heads to the earth, and drove great whirls of red and white rose leaves through the perturbed atmosphere. At length a stream of lightning flashed through the clouds, and Wolfe found himself before the ruined moss-covered ice-cellar, where the two lime trees, exactly as they had been described to him in his dream, stretched their withered branches as if pointing, with long black fingers, to a low fallen-down door of the entrance—Wolfe instantly drove away this barrier. In his mind there was now no trace of fear. All inferior solicitude yielded before the increasing impulse here to realize some extraordinary discovery. He had become excited to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the interruption of the storm, he followed the directions received in his dream, by searching thoroughly among the raised up rubbish and mould with

scrupulous attention. His faithful attendant, Lynx, assisted him with more than instinctive perseverance in this labour, scratching and turning up the earth with his snout, till, at last, he barked vehemently, and stood as if rivetted to one spot. Wolfe bent over him, while the thunder rolled at a distance, and a pale gleam of one solitary star fell though the dark mantle of the night. Wolfe started back as the light fell upon an AXE OR HATCHET, that lay at his feet. "What may this import?" said he, and lifting it up, he stepped out of the dark shades of the cavern into the free air. The solitary star was reflected on the steel; but, at the same time, Wolfe beheld, with horror, deeply rusted stains of blood, which irresistibly agitated his heart, and, full of obscure apprehensions, he exclaimed, "Murder! a secret, dark, and barbarous murder!" His whole frame trembled with indignation, and the desire of just vengeance; and taking the hatchet under his mantle, without having determined what course to pursue, he returned back to his quarters.

The weather had now become comparatively tranquil; the thunder clouds had sunk beneath the horizon, like a worn out volcano; the daylight already dawned; and light fringes of red adorned the yet lingering vapours in the east. Wolfe came with great strides, back towards the court—his white cloak fluttering in the wind—his upraised hair staring and wild over his angry contracted brows; and his eyes, too, considering the temper in which he was, must have looked sufficiently formidable. He now happened to encounter Mein-herr John, who, quietly looking at the weather, was smoking his morning pipe under the gate-way. "Look here, master," cried Wolfe, drawing the hatchet from under his cloak, "see what I have chanced to find this morning!" The tobacco pipe fell from the butcher's hands—his eyes became wild, and his lips quivered, then murmuring in a hollow voice "blood will have judgment, I am doomed at last!" he clasped his hands, and fell down dead, with his face to the earth, in a fit of apoplexy.

Wolfe stood as if rooted to the spot, still holding the axe with uplifted arm, when Louisa looked over his shoulder, and in a piercing voice exclaimed, "Oh heavens! that is Andrew's own hatchet—there is his name on the handle—Andrew Wolfe!"—Then the whole connection of events flashing with the rapidity of lightning on her mind, she clasped her hands together, and, almost breathless with horror, exclaimed, "That is his blood!—They have murdered him!"

The alarm had brought together all the inhabitants of the house, who thronged about Wolfe, and urged him to unravel the frightful mystery. To him it appeared, as if his head and breast were loaded with a weight of iron. Words and thoughts both failed him, as if frozen up, motionless and dead, within his soul. He stared at the letters upon the hatchet—his brain whirled, as if a wheel were within it—suddenly tears burst from his eyes—then the spirit of vengeance returned—he fell upon the prostrate butcher, and violently lifted him from the ground, exclaiming, "Thou hellish bloodhound, hast thou murdered him?" The cold, pale lips, however, opened not again, for death had finally sealed them. Wolfe drew back, therefore, after having let the stiffening corpse slowly sink down; then looking wildly around him, rushed from the house towards the garden. The spectators, perceiving his design, followed him with shovels and pick-axes, with which they at last drew from the grave the remains of a dead body, now reduced to a skeleton, so that nothing more was recognizable but a silver ring, which, uninjured, still adhered to one of the withered fingers. On beholding this, Louisa, with trembling lips, could only pronounce, "It is he—'twas I who gave him the ring!" And Wolfe, on hearing this, immediately fell down in a state of insensibility, from which they were not able to recover him.

After our hero, under the influence of frightful nervous spasms, had been carried to a hospital, where he fell sick of a mortal fever, the legal authorities of the city found evidence to prove that,

seven years before, a stout, young, active lad, by name Andrew Wolfe, had entered into the service of Mein-herr John, the butcher. He was a ready penman and accountant, and soon became indispensable to his master, whose business, after Andrew's arrival, was rapidly improved, and he himself was reconciled with customers who, for a long while, had been estranged. Mein-herr John therefore moderated, in some degree, the usual roughness of his temper and demeanour; and Andrew himself bore much with patience on account of the sincere love which he cherished for Louisa. Their attachment was mutual; and as the good diligent youth had gathered together a little capital of own, he hoped in a short time to be able to undertake some business for himself, and provide for the worldly comfort of his intended bride. He had just made up his mind to disclose those intentions to his master, when one evening the wicked Martin, a graceless journeyman, in whom no one had any trust, contrived to entice him into a game of hazard, in which Mein-herr John also joined, and both tacitly conspired together to pillage the poor lad of the little fortune he had so anxiously saved. Contrary to their expectations, however, he won from both; and when it grew late, on Louisa making signs to him to go, he broke off at last, and retired to his apartment, having first hastily embraced his mistress, and whispered her, to-morrow all would be finally arranged for their marriage, and that she should have no fears for the future. Several people in the house had overheard Mein-herr John whispering that same evening with Martin on the stairs, and seen them afterwards go up to Wolfe's chamber. The following day Andrew had disappeared, no one knew where or how. His master gave out that he had deserted to the French army, and had marched away with them.

After these disclosures were made, it was found that the villain Martin was missing; and, on enquiry, it appeared, that in the morning early he had fled on horseback, no doubt, sooner or later to be overtaken by merited judgment.



Louisa, with calm resignation, attended Wolfe in his illness, who in lucid intervals was still able to converse with her, and often folding his hands with deep sighs, said, "God has avenged us, and we must forgive the guilty!" These indeed were his last words, and in uttering them he closed his honourably-unstained existence. Louisa laid the Cypress Crown (which she had taken down from the nail in his apartment) upon the coffin, and she and Lynx followed at a distance, when his

comrades bore him to the grave, and deposited his remains beside those of his brother, who had previously been interred with Christian rites.

Often Louisa still weeps over their grave; yet her heart is more tranquil, for Andrew was not faithless, and God has judged his murderers. With pious submission waits this poor drooping flower, till the storm of life shall wholly lay it in the dust, and refuge is found at last in the night of the grave.

C. L. M. F.

## THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### *Curious Customs used by the NATIVES of the FEEJEE ISLANDS.*

**T**HE Feejee Islands are situated about 21° South latitude, and 174° West longitude. They are very little known, and have received various names from different navigators. Tongataboo is the best known of this group, and there is an account of it in a work by the Missionaries, who endeavoured to convert the inhabitants to our holy religion.

These islands have been but little frequented except by the Missionaries, some of whom were massacred in their devout attempts. They have, however, been sometimes visited by men who had a less holy intention; viz. by persons in search of sandel wood, which forms a valuable article of commerce in China, where it is said to be worth 80*l.* a ton.

In the pursuit of this article many persons have had intercourse with the inhabitants; and have by no means left a favourable opinion of white men among them. One vessel particularly, after promising to assist them in their wars with the natives of a neighbouring island, for which piece of service their brig was to be laden with sandel wood, received from them their cargo, and left them without any return. In consequence of some nefarious transactions of this sort, they have sometimes shewed signs of hostility, and more than once innocent persons have suffered for the guilty.

Having occasion to pass at no great distance from these islands in the year 1815, the master of a brig in company, whose name is Siddons, gave me the following account. Mr. Siddons had been several years living among them, had an estate there, and they even acknowledged him as a Chief.

As to the truth of his relation I have no manner of doubt; for, although on hearing it, some circumstances were enough to startle me, yet having met with another man soon afterwards, who had been in the same trade, I took the opportunity to converse with him on the subject; he gave me the same account, and without knowing that I had heard them before, related many circumstances that had happened to Siddons himself; for it appeared they had both been there at the same time.

When a man dies (said Mr. Siddons), if he be a chief or man of importance, one or more of his wives are strangled at his funeral; some have but one wife, but I have known several with five or six. I myself was present at one of these ceremonies. The defunct was an old chief who had died of some lingering disease, and his body was wasted to skin and bone. A native friend, who was a chief, came on board my brig, and invited me on shore to see the ceremony, as I had formerly expressed a wish to that effect. The corpse was rolled up in large folds of a

kind of cloth that is made in these islands, similar to, but coarser than that which is made at Taheite. They conveyed the body to the door of the caloo or the priest; who are men having great influence in the country, and who are supposed to foretell future events. The corpse was placed on the ground with the feet towards the door of the priest's house, and many hundreds of the natives were surrounding it. A woman was sitting at the head, which was uncovered, for the cloth was principally rolled across the belly. She had in her hand something like a powder-puff, and she continually puffed the face of the corpse with a black powder. I was anxious to get near the body, but my friend continually exhorted me to keep at a distance. I nevertheless persisted, and advanced to within a few yards of it. The woman continued to sprinkle the face with the black powder, and when I had waited about an hour, a murmur among the multitude and a sort of shout attracted my attention. My native friend who kept beside me, informed me that it was occasioned by the approach of the principal wife of the defunct chief, who lived some miles off, and had just arrived in a canoe. In a few minutes she made her appearance, accompanied by her female friends. I did not observe any mark of extreme dejection about her, but she appeared serious and thoughtful; she advanced to the body, kissed it, and then retreated backwards about twenty steps, keeping her face towards it. A woman well known to me was sitting there, and the widow placed herself upon her lap, when the females who had accompanied her to the place approached her and attempted to kiss her; but she repelled them scornfully with her arms. The woman upon whose lap she sat, then put one of her hands at the back part of the head of the widow, and the other on her mouth; a man suddenly placed a cord round her neck; six men who were ready took hold of it, three at each end, and pulled with all their force. I did not observe that the widow made the least struggle, although after the manner of the country she was

only covered about the middle; not even her legs moved. I was anxious to know what would be done with the bodies, and had recourse to my friend for that purpose. He told me, however, that that was not permitted to be known, but I might see all that they themselves knew; the final part of the ceremony being known only to the caloo. I accordingly went to the priest's house in the evening. The dead chief and his strangled widow were placed near the door. I had brought one of my boat's crew with me, and as the few natives that were present had some difficulty in forcing the chief's body through the door-way, in consequence of the many folds of cloth that were about it; this man assisted them in this part of the rite; and while this was doing I went into the apartment, anxious to discover whether there was any grave dug. It was dark, and I felt about the house cautiously with my feet, lest there should be a cavern beneath it, but I found none; and as they had then placed the two bodies besides each other in the house, my friend told me that I could not be permitted to see more, and we retired.\*

Another instance of the same ceremony I was more intimately acquainted with, and indeed was in some measure a party concerned. I had been on a cruise, and at my return, I found my friend Riceamong dead. He was a fine young man, and a chief; I had formerly entered into an agreement with him for a cargo of sandel wood, which was not yet fulfilled. I greatly regretted the death of this man, not only because I had a friendship for him, but because I feared it would be a means of my losing my cargo of sandel wood. I called immediately upon his mother, who had also been a great friend to me. As soon as she saw me she embraced me; and not knowing I had been informed of her loss, with tears, told me, that Riceamong was dead; and what can I do, said she, how shall I be able to procure you the sandel wood? I told her I was much grieved at the loss of

\* A description of the ceremony may be found in the voyage of a Missionary, printed in Mr. Dalrymple's Collection.



her son, and requested to pay my respect to the body. I knew very well before that it was customary to visit and speak to the dead as if they were living, and that there was some person present to give answers for them. I therefore went with the mother to the apartment where the body was laid, taking hold of the dead chief's hand, I said to him, "I see, Riceammong, what has happened to you; you are dead, and have left us: you know, Riceammong, the agreement that existed between us, that you were to procure me a freight of sandel wood, which I have already paid you for, and which I have not received; what is to be done in the business, Riceammong?" The mother, who stood by, answered, "yes, I recollect the agreement, and I will take care that it shall be fulfilled." Much more conversation passed between us which it is needless to repeat, when we retired from the body. I was by this time intimate with many of the natives. I had a house and farm, and most of my property was rendered sacred, or as it is called in the country, tabooed, so that any person injuring it might be destroyed.

The old mother took me to her house, and we had much conversation respecting the sandel wood that I had agreed with her son for; she wept much during our conversation, and anxiously spoke of Riceammong's principal wife. You know, said she, that she paid great attention to the white people, that she fed them, and clothed them. Alas! unless some of her friends rescue her, she must follow my son to the grave. I know of no friend she has in the world, added she, embracing me, but yourself: are you willing to save her? I would do my utmost to save her.—Run then, said she, hastily; wait not a moment, there is still a chance of her life being preserved.—I was ignorant what it was necessary for me to do to effect the purpose, and enquired of the mother; she added quickly, you know that you have the authority of a chief. Bring to the place of funeral a valuable present, hold it up in your hands, on your knees repeat the words; *I beg the life of this woman*; and her

life may be spared. But, continued the old woman quickly, if you save her, you will have a right to her. I do not wish any person to possess the widow of my son. I told her I only wished to save her life; when she embraced me weeping, and I went away. I had unfortunately nothing on shore with me sufficiently valuable for the purpose. I therefore ran down to the boat to go off to the brig, which was thirty miles distant: we pulled on-board as fast as possible, and I took one of the largest whales' teeth, which I knew to be more valued than gold. With a fresh boat's crew we pulled back again; I was certain there was not a moment to spare; on my reaching the shore I leaped out of the boat, and ran to the spot where the ceremony would take place. The caloo, however, was my enemy; indeed he was the enemy of all white people; he had even predicted that the increased intercourse with the whites would endanger the nation. Hearing what I had intended to do, he had hastened the ceremony. He was a man apparently above the ordinary occurrences of life; whether through hypocrisy or a real hardness of heart, he seemed to be bereft of the ordinary affections of men; and I am inclined to think much instigated by hatred towards the white people, he had, under the cloak of religion, already bereft the widow of Riceammong of life. The mother had endeavoured with all her power to prolong the time; the widow also, equally anxious to escape, had used her utmost efforts to avoid the fatal cord, but it all was in vain. The priest with a look of sanctity, explained to the people that it was necessary; that men only had a right to interfere in these concerns; that it was the law, and that he was determined for reasons known only to himself, that the usual sacrifice should take place immediately. It was therefore done as he had commanded, and the widow of Riceammong was strangled about a quarter of an hour before I arrived with the whales' tooth. My departed friend had three wives, two of whom were strangled; the third was saved by the influence of her relations, who were persons of great influence,

## FEMALE LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT AGE.\*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## JOANNA BAILLIE.

**O**F female authors now living, Joanna Baillie is, perhaps, endowed with the richest poetical genius. She first in our own time dared to seek those old and long-neglected fountains of inspiration in which the dramatist of Elizabeth's age delighted. In her expression of deep feeling she has all their intensity and grandeur, and, in her airy playfulness, much of their fantastical beauty. She has greatly injured her own popularity by her perverse determination to make the development of a single passion the sole purpose of a play. The passions, in nature, are not simple. Even in the sternest and most decided characters, a thousand varieties of emotion are blended. Besides, the contest of high passions, the struggle and contention of noble natures, are the grandest subjects of tragedies. The tragic poet should not confine his efforts to the framing one image of inimitable sublimity and grace, and to the endowing it with energetic life; but should strive to complete groups of exquisite workmanship, where the figures contend with others or with destiny in mortal strife, but over which one harmonizing and softening atmosphere breathes.—Miss Baillie has failed also in attempting comedy. Her stately language cannot be festooned into light and graceful varieties. But in her own high and peculiar walk she is unrivalled and alone. No female step has ever penetrated so far as her's into those regions of poetry, which are sacred to tragic passion—where the lone and dark stream of emotion flows mournfully on, reflecting tender images of over-arching groves, and the silent grandeur of the heavens.

## MRS. HEMANS.

Nearest to Miss Baillie in poetical genius is, perhaps, Mrs. Hemans, who has recently started into fame. As the genius of the former leads her to ro-

mantic poetry, that of the latter tends to the classical. Her images are more "in the sun," more bright and goodly in palpable form than those of any other author of the present time. Her poetry is full of glorious shapes instinct with spirit. She has little of sad retrospection, little of the "pale cast of thought," and nothing of metaphysical subtlety. Her muse wears no pensive livery, but is "sky-tinctured" and radiant in youthful bloom. Her poetry is scarcely in the spirit of these times, which leans to the philosophic or the intense, but is replete with grace and beauty which can never become obsolete while nature shall endure.

## MISS MITFORD.

With these great names that of Miss Mitford is worthy to be united. Her poems are replete with all the sweetest and most characteristic qualities of womanhood. A sensibility the finest and the most genuine, and a perception of beauty the most quick and refined, are manifested in all her writings. The colours of her fancy are of the most delicate hues. The gleams of her imagination constantly fall on little tendernesses and dear immunities of heart, and shed on them a sacred radiance. She is able to seize and to perpetuate those graces of nature which are in themselves the most evanescent and subtle. Her images often seem to be of the rainbow and of the golden and fleecy clouds. Her *Maid of the South Seas* is one of the most captivating of poetical romances.

## MRS. HANNAH MORE.

It would be unjust to decide on the merits of Mrs. Hannah More, chiefly from her poetry. In verse she seldom attains higher excellence than elegance of style and correctness of expression. Her tragedies are cold dialogues in stately blank verse, which exhibit occasional vigour of thought, but are not steeped either in fancy or in passion. The

\* See our last Number, p. 236.



violence of her catastrophes forms a singular contrast to the declamatory expressions of sorrow, not deep but loud, by which they are preceded. It is on her moral and religious essays that she will build the most enduring part of her fame. She has great earnestness of expostulation, great purity of thought, and great felicity of language. Without any inane gaudiness of phraseology—with no seeming effort to write splendid things—she illustrates every subject with beautiful images. If she clothes truth, it is in the chastest attire. Her only fault as a moralist is her want of genial and expansive sympathy. She looks on humanity as from a distance, from a height of personal virtue, like a being of another sphere. It is not that she wants charity—for she pities all human weaknesses, and is anxious to relieve all human distresses,—but she does not grasp her fellows with a warm and cordial hand, or regard their errors with that spirit of allowance which those always feel who live tenderly along the lines of human sympathies. We are not in love with the heroine of *Cœlebs*. Still we must not forget that Mrs. More has done much to soften the prejudices of bigotry among those who would scarcely have listened to her had she been less apart from the world. Those will read *Cœlebs*, who turn from the divine *Clarissa* with pious horror. The admirers of Mrs. More can scarcely regard the drama as an accursed thing. Thus are bigots carried a little out of themselves and their sect, and made to feel that humanity is made of other stuff than systems or creeds.

#### MRS. BARBAULD.

Mrs. Barbauld, like Mrs. More, excels chiefly in prose. She is one of the most elegant of modern essayists. The justice, the wisdom, and the beauty, of her "*Essay on the Folly of Inconsistent Expectations*," cannot be praised too highly. Without in the least overstepping the fit limits to ornament in prose, she often gives a pleasure nearly similar to that excited by exquisite poetry. Her hymns for children breathe a tenderness which Christian-

ity so divinely inspires for 'those little ones.'

#### MISS EDGEWORTH.

In extent and accuracy of observation Miss Edgeworth has no rival. Her vivacity is equable—her good sense striking—and her raillery graceful, beyond that of any living writer. Her delineations of fashionable manners are delightfully spirited. She catches, with infinite skill, the gay bubbles that float on the light stream of fashion, and fixes them as delicate crystallisations for ever. Nor are her pictures of rustic life, especially those taken from the Irish poor, less true. But it is only in her characters or in detached scenes that she excels. She has no felicity of conceiving, or skill of developing, the plot of a novel. She contrives, indeed, to cover the ill-united parts of her story by a veil of airy and glittering drapery: but we can scarcely avoid feeling the want of unity and strength. In consequence of this defect, the practical good sense of her novels is often singularly contrasted with the improbable and wild incidents on which they are founded. The change in *Ennui* of the earl into a peasant, and the strange catastrophe of *Belinda*, are striking examples of an error into which writers of novels who have no touch of the romantic necessarily fall. They strive to supply the deficiency by resorting to mere extravagance of incident, as those who would be orators without feeling or imagination, accumulate a profusion of gorgeous epithets. As a moral teacher, Miss Edgeworth 'wants a heart.' We do not mean that she fails to advocate kind affections, or that a spirit of tenderness does not breathe in her works, but that the virtues she recommends have no root in feelings or in principles that cannot be shaken. Their fibres are not inherently entwined in the living rocks which no mortal changes can alter. They are planted in the shifting sands of earthly utility and expedience. She does not warm our hearts with sentiments or pictures of pure disinterestedness—she incites us not to goodness because it is in itself lovely—she ex-

horts us to virtue only by showing how great are its gains. Various and admirably as she has treated of human life, she never seems to regard it as the infancy of an eternal being. She does not represent the noblest feelings of the soul as having the principle of eternity in them, nor its affections as casting influences beyond the grave. In her works there is little devoted heroism—no beauty of soul assailed from encumbrances of time—no ‘glorious triumph of exceeding love.’ Lady Delacour appears to us the loftiest and most imaginative of her creations. This lady, who, believing herself afflicted with a loathsome disease, and approaching speedily to a terrible death, continues nightly to enchant the unsuspecting world of fashion, has something of a martyr’s spirit. Her inimitable grace—her brilliant wit—the careless charm of all her actions in the foreground—with the contrast of her anguish and heroism in deep shadow—form a picture which we scarcely hesitate to regard as sublime. Why will not Miss Edgeworth exhibit the heroism with which she has invested a woman of fashion, as resting on a moveless principle, and exerted in a generous cause?

#### MRS. OPIE.

Mrs. Opie’s powers differ almost as widely as possible from those of Miss Edgeworth. Her sensibility is the charm of her works. She is strong in the weakness of the heart. Did she not fall into one unhappy error, she would have few rivals in opening ‘the sacred source of sympathetic tears.’ She too often mistakes the shocking for the pathetic,—‘on horror’s head horrors accumulate,’—and heaps wrongs on wrongs on the defenceless head of the reader. This is the more to be regretted, as she has shown herself capable of that genuine pathos which calls forth such tears only as are delicious. But who can endure a madman, who, having broken from his keepers, unconsciously pursues his daughter, whose conduct has occasioned his insanity, and bursts into horrid laughter? Human life has enough of real misery, without those

additions being made to it by an amateur in sorrow. It is neither pleasant nor profitable to contemplate in speculation unadorned, unrelieved agonies. It may be laid down as an axiom, that, when we feel inclined to resort to the recollection that the tale is fictitious, in order to relieve our feelings, its author is mistaken. Let Mrs. Opie give us pictures of exquisite tenderness as well as grief—of love enduring amidst distress—of hope building up, amidst earthly woe, its mansions of rest in the skies—or let her fringe her darkest clouds of sorrow with the golden tints of the imagination, and the oftener she will thus beguile us of our tears the more shall we thank and esteem her.

How tender and delicious is the pathos of the author of ‘*Mrs. Leicester’s School*’! She does not lacerate, but mellow and soften the heart. How sweet is her story of the child who is often brought by her father as a treat to her mother’s grave—who is taught to read there on the tomb-stone, and who thus learns to think of the grave as a soft and green bed of peace and joy! How affectingly does the girl draw her uncle, returned from sea, to the scene of her serious but not mournful ponderings, unconscious of the pain she is inflicting! Most touching is the contrast, thus shown of the sense of death in childhood and in sadder years! Others have directed their attention to improve the understanding. It has been the better part of this author to nurture the imagination and cherish the affections. She is the only writer for children who seems to have a fitting respect for those whom she addresses. She does not feel for infancy merely as a season of ignorance and want. She knows that it is also the time of reverence and of wonder—of confiding love and boundless hope—of ‘splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.’ She strives, therefore, not merely to impart knowledge, but to preserve those high prerogatives of childhood which man is so seldom permitted to retain. And well is she qualified for the delightful work. She assumes the tone, not of condescension, but of equal love. She sup-



plies food for the imagination, by connecting lofty thoughts and glorious images with familiar things, and gently 'laps the prison'd soul' of her young readers 'in Elysium.' In Mrs. Leicester's School, and in the Poetry for Children, she surrounds childhood with kindred sanctities, and spreads over its pictures of serious joy an ex-

quisite enamel, which may long preserve them from the contaminations of the world. She is 'a sister every way,' in mind as in blood, to the author of John Woodville and Rosamond Gray—to him who has revived the antique beauty of a nobler age—and refreshed our literature with old English humour, fancy, and kindness.

From the English Magazines, Ap. 1820.

## BRITISH CUSTOMS.

### *Bees.*

**C**USTOMS, the origin of which we are unacquainted with, often appear singular, and not unfrequently absurd and ridiculous. The truth of this observation might be illustrated by various instances; suffice it, however, for our present purpose, to adduce one practised by the old wives in the country, of pursuing, with as many friends and neighbours as they can collect, their swarming hives of bees, till they alight, with tongs, pokers, and frying-pans, or such like instruments, forcibly striking the one gainst the other.

The sight is truly ludicrous, the portraying of which would furnish a fine subject for a Hogarth or a Wilkie.

But absurd and ridiculous however as it may, and certainly does seem, yet it is grounded on law and reason; for bees, being classed by our laws<sup>†</sup> among, and considered as things *feræ naturæ*, the legal right to which can only be acquired either by hiving and reclaiming them, or *pro rational soli*, and can only be retained so long as they continue in possession, actively or constructively. Whenever, therefore, they regain their natural liberty, the actual possession is gone, and the constructive, also, if the fugitives be not immediately pursued; but, if they be followed, the latter possession is continued, and they may, on their alighting, be again retaken in the

former possession, and hived by the original proprietor: and it would be actionable, under such circumstances, for any one to detain them.

The reason why instruments producing sound are made use of in the pursuit, is not only to make known the right of property, but also to entice the bees to alight, they being allured by sounds.<sup>‡</sup>

### *Origin of a Common Saying and frequent Threat.*

It is a very common expression, when speaking fervently of a friend, that *he would go through fire and water* to serve one. This, it is conceived, took its rise from one of our most ancient species of trial, viz. by ordeal, which was of two sorts, fire-ordeal and water-ordeal; and both these might be undergone by deputy;<sup>‡</sup> and numerous instances have occurred, in ancient times, of one friend undertaking it for another.

*As much as your Estate or Life is worth*, is a common threat in vulgar use when a person intends doing an act contrary to the sentiments of another, which is probably derived from the ancient feudal law of forfeiture, whereby a tenant or vassal, on the doing and committing of certain acts and crimes, forfeited his estate, and sometimes his life.

<sup>†</sup> That bees are affected by sounds will be readily conceded by those who have observed their motions, and particularly in thunder storms. At the sound of which approaching, those bees that are in the fields are generally prompted to return home.

<sup>‡</sup> The principal, however, was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporal pain.

<sup>†</sup> See Ross's Treatise on the Laws of Venders and Purchasers of Personal Property, p. 138, where all the authorities respecting bees, and the right of property in them are collected.

## THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

THE fifth Number of this neat little work has appeared; and furnishes us with the following examples, from among a hundred stories, illustrative of the spirit of *Enterprize*, to which it is devoted. A prettily engraved portrait of Mungo Park adorns the title page.

*Black Agnes.*

During the war which Edward III. maintained in Scotland, part of the English army, led on by Montague, besieged Dunbar, which the Countess of March, commonly called *Black Agnes*, defended with uncommon courage and obstinacy. This extraordinary woman exhibited her scornful levity towards the besiegers, by ordering her waiting maids to brush from the walls the dust produced by their battering engines, and this in sight of the English; and when a tremendous warlike engine, called a sow, approached the walls, the countess called out, "Montague, beware! your sow shall soon cast her pigs": which she verified, for an immense mass of rock, thrown from a lofty tower, accompanied her threat, and crushed the ponderous missile, and the besiegers which it contained.

*Cornish Wanderer.*

Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of Cornwall, who inherited an estate of about 1000*l.* per annum in that country, at the age of twenty-three, and in the year 1741, the year after his father's death, set off for the continent on his travels. He rode on horseback with one servant, over the greatest part of the world. He first viewed every European country; in doing which, he spent eight years. He then embarked for America; was two years in the northern part, and three more in South America, where he travelled as a Spaniard, which he was enabled to do, from the facility with which he spoke the language. The climate, prospects, &c. of Peru, enchanted him so much, that he hired a farm, and resided on it nearly twelve months. His next tour was to the East; he passed successively

through all the territories in Africa, to the south of the Mediterranean, Egypt, Syria, and all the dominions of the Grand Signior; went twice through Prussia, through the northern and southern provinces; over Hindostan, and part of Siam and Pegu, and made several excursions to the boundaries of China. He afterwards, on his return, stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, and penetrated some distance into Africa; and, on his return to the Cape, he took the opportunity of a ship going to Batavia, and thence visited most of the Islands in the Great Indian Archipelago. Returning to Europe, he landed at Cadiz, and travelled over land to Moscow, in his way to Kamschatka. In 1783, he was at Moscow, healthy and vigorous, and though then in his sixty-sixth year, was preparing a journey to Siberia.

*A trifling exception.*

In 1643, St. Preuil, the governor of Amiens, who depended much on a stratagem that he had conceived for seizing upon Arras, was anxious to engage a soldier named Courcelles to execute it. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most prudent soldier that I know, for a blow that will make your fortune. The business is to surprise Arras, and hear how I have planned it. You shall disguise yourself as a peasant, and go and sell fruit in the place. After you have done this some time, you must quarrel with some person, and kill him with a poignard. You must suffer yourself to be taken; you will be tried on the spot, and be condemned to be hanged. You know the custom of Arras is, to have their executions out of the city. It is on this circumstance that my design depends. I will place an ambuscade near the gate, by which you shall be brought out. My people will render themselves masters of those who shall come out to look upon the spectacle. I will march in the instant to their assistance, and make myself master of the place; which as soon as I am, I shall rescue you. This is my



project; what do you say to it?" "It is fine," replied Courcelles; but the thing deserves some consideration." "It does," said Saint Preuil; "think of it, and to-morrow let me have your resolution." The next day Courcelles waited on his commander. "Well, my brave fellow," said St. Preuil; "what do you think of my project now?" "Sir," replied Courcelles, "it is admirable; only I should like that you would give me the command of the ambuscade, and take yourself the basket of fruit."—*Lit. Gaz.*

### *Etymology of the word "Parson".*

Parson, (persona.) A clergyman is so called, says Blackstone, because by his person, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented; and he is in himself a body corporate, in order to protect and defend the rights of the church, (which he personates) by a perpetual succession.

This is a very plausible, and has been the generally received and accredited derivation of the term parson ever since Sir Edward Coke wrote, and perhaps before, and, I believe, has never yet been questioned; nevertheless, it is erroneous, for he is designated parson (persona), because he is required, *in his own proper person*, to administer the sacraments, and to officiate at the holy altar.

### *"Ducking"*

AN ANCIENT PUNISHMENT, AND ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

Ducking was anciently a common legal mode of punishment for various offences, in this and other countries, and is customarily inflicted in certain cases at the present day.

At Marseilles and Bourbon, vagrants formerly were condemned to the cale, that is, to be shut up in an iron cage, fastened to the yard of a chaloupe, and *ducked* in the river. At Thoulouse, blasphemers were punished in the same manner. And with us, in England, brewers and bakers, convicted of transgressing the laws, were of yore ducked in *stercore*, stinking water, as were also it is said, common prostitutes.\* When-

ever it is practicable, it is also generally exercised by our populace on those offenders vulgarly styled pick-pockets.

And our sailors are not unfrequently punished by being thrown from the top of the main-mast-yard into the sea, having sometimes a cannon-ball tied to them, to expedite their descent.

This singular and summary mode of punishment, however, is not in any of the cases mentioned *now* sanctioned by law, nor, is it presumed, can it be put in force legally in any case except for the offence of being a common scold. For which, if convicted, the offender is to be placed in a certain engine of correction, called a *cucking stool*,† in the Saxon language, said to signify a scolding-school, and when therein, *to be repeatedly plunged in the water*.‡

The name of this engine, by an easy orthographical transmutation, has been corrupted into ducking-stool; and, from its being so often used in ducking offenders gave rise, it is supposed to our word for the act of immersion, which, I conceive, is more probable than that it should be derived (according to the generally, yet ludicrously formed opinion,) from observing the natural inclination of a duck, when in water, of frequently, but momentarily dipping its head.

### *Noah's Ark.*

The common cubit, which was formerly supposed equal to 18 of our inches, is now allowed to contain almost 22 inches; according to which measure the Ark must have been about 547 English feet long, 91 broad and 54 high. Bp. Wilkins has made it plain that these dimensions were sufficient for all the uses for which the Ark was designed. It contained 72,625 tons.

There was not above 100 species of quadrupeds known in the world; nor above 200 birds.—Bp. Wilson; *Hewlett on Gen.* 6. 15.

† Mr. Morgan, who edited an edition of Jacob's Law Diet. mentions therein, that he remembers to have seen the remains of one of these engines on the estate of a relative of his in Warwickshire, consisting of a long beam, or rafter, moving on a fulcrum, and extending to the centre of a large pool, on which end the stool used to be placed.

‡ 3 Inst. 219. 1 Hawk. P. C. 198. 200. 4 Comm.

\* Encyclop. London. Art. Castigatory.

## THE MONASTERY.

An extract from a Review of this work in the Literary Gazette, was given in our last number; but no apology is necessary for inserting an additional notice of any work of this writer, of whom the last Edinburgh Review says:—"Since the time when Shakespeare wrote his thirty-eight plays in the brief space of his early manhood—besides acting in them, and drinking and living idly with the other actors—and then went carelessly to the country, and lived out his days, a little more idly, and apparently unconscious of having done any thing at all extraordinary—there has been no such prodigy of fertility as the author before us. In the period of little more than five years, he has founded a new school of invention; and established and endowed it with nearly thirty volumes of the most animated and original composition that have enriched English literature for a century—volumes that have cast sensibly into the shade all contemporary prose, and even all recent poetry—(except perhaps that inspired by the Genius—or the Demon, of Byron)—and, by their force of colouring and depth of feeling—by their variety, vivacity, magical facility, and living presentment of character, have rendered conceivable to this later age the miracles of the Mighty Dramatist."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

*The MONASTERY, by the author of Waverley. In 3 vols.*

**T**HE matchless facility of the great Scottish novelist seems to increase as he proceeds. Critics, artists, and manufacturers of melo-dramas can scarcely seize on the beauties of one of his works in the way of their several vocations, before another full of materials for disquisition, picture, or scenic effect starts into existence. He has scarcely given us time to breathe, after following his rapid and brilliant excursion into the south, before we find him again within the border, wandering in the deep glens of his own romantic region, and compelling the delicate spirits which in old time were believed to haunt them, to appear at his bidding. The scene of the Monastery is laid in the south of Scotland; its time is the age of Elizabeth; its interest arises from the blended fortune of a generous and gallant peasant, and of the last female representative of an ancient family, which are connected with the public events of the age, and influenced by fairy spells. Its chief characters are Halbert Glendinning, a brave, spirited, and noble-hearted youth; Julian Avenel, a passionate and haughty chief something between the baron and the robber; Father Eustace, an austere monk, of fiery zeal for his faith, yet deep gentleness of soul; Piercie Shafton, a fop of the Elizabethan age; an old enthusiastic preacher of the Protestant heresy; a fond, beautiful, and heroic lass of the mill; and, though last, not least, a creature of fairy race, whose ærial existence quivers with the fates of the house of Avenel. There is little of sustained interest in the story; and, what is of more importance, there are few of those highly wrought dramatic scenes which abound in most of the former works of the author. Its chief defects arise from the intermingling of the wildest images of superstitious fantasy with the vivid pictures of real life, and the occurrences of authentic history. We object not to those merits of the supernatural, which give a solemn, yet a softened, air to our contemplations, which being put forth with diffidence, are received with awe, and to which we may surrender our imaginations without feeling that the author's whole creation is unreal and shadowy. But when amidst persons of flesh and blood, whose warm hands we seem to grasp, and in whose human emotions we intensely sympathise, fairies appear chanting their mystic strains, surrounding the characters with grotesque wonders, and actually bringing about the events of the tale by their spells, the effect is incongruous and chilling. Indeed, the spirit of this romance is, in herself, exceedingly perplexing. She leaps on the horse of a monk, and swims behind him along a stream until he is half drowned—recovers from him an English translation of the Bible—conveys the daring hero through the earth into a cavern, where the sacred volume is encircled with magic flames, from which he seizes it—digs a grave for nobody, and fills it up again, and on various other



occasions appears a most "tricksome spirit."

The appointing a fairy guardian of an English copy of the Scripture, and surrounding it with spells, neither of earth nor of hell, seems like the image of a dream in which wild shapes from times the most remote are fantastically blended—where realities melt into shadows—and familiar things and strangest imaginations dance together before us. In one scene, indeed, the supernatural agency, though wholly without apparent end, produces an effect which is really awful. Halbert and Piercie Shafton meet to decide a quarrel by the arbitrament of blood, and seeking a fit place for their contest, come to the enchanted fountain in the wildest recess of the glen. There they perceive a grave dug close by the foot of the rock, the green turf laid on one side, the earth on the other, and a mattock and shovel on its verge. This tomb, provided by unearthly hands, on the margin of which a mortal combat, is to be decided, makes the blood curdle with that strange delight which imaginative horror awakens. The result, however, is absurd and perplexing. Shafton falls apparently lifeless—his body disappears—the grave is filled up, and the turf neatly placed over it, by the aerial sexton, and the dead reappears, pale and bloody, with his wounds healed, to be accused of the murder of one who has fled believing himself

the homicide! Though the general effect is very broken and imperfect, there are many touches which evidently come from the masterly hand of the author of *Waverley*. Halbert is one of the most lively and spirited sketches ever drawn of a young hero of the mountains—noble-minded, fiery, and most intrepid—beautiful in wild grace, and glowing with instinctive honour. The character of Edward, who from a mild and affectionate youth becomes animated with savage joy on the supposed death of his brother and rival, which he disguises under threats of vengeance, is neither pleasant enough to fancy, nor probable enough to believe. Sir Piercie Shafton the fop and flowery talker of another age of Dandyism—who speaks Sir Philip Sidney as though "he too were an Arcadian"—though somewhat tiresome in his harangues, is the most original and the best sustained personage of the novel. In vividness of description, the *Monastery* will suffer little by a comparison with the best works of its author. The songs of the *Lady of Avenel*, which she warbles whenever she appears, are exquisite—light, delicate, fanciful, and seem to partake of the character of the element, in which she is moving. In these, at least, the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* stands as clearly confessed, as though the title-page of the work had contained his name.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From the Monthly Magazine, Ap. 1820.

### SPECIMEN OF CHINESE JUSTICE.

Peking Gazette, August 9, 1817.

**C**HOW, the Yu-she (or Censor) of Ho-nan, kneels to report, with profound respect, in the hearing of his majesty, the following circumstances and to pray for his sacred instructions.

The clear and explicit statement of punishments, is a means of instruction to the people; the infliction of punishment is a case of unwilling necessity. For all courts there are fixed regulations to rule their conduct by, when

cases do occur that require punishments to be inflicted: in questioning, magistrates are not, by law, permitted to exercise cruelties at their own discretion.

But of late, district magistrates, actuated by a desire to be rewarded for their activity, have felt an ardent enthusiasm to inflict torture. And though it has been repeatedly prohibited by Imperial Edicts, which they profess openly to conform to, yet they really and secretly violate them.

Whenever they apprehend persons of suspicious appearances, or those char-

ged with great crimes, such as murder or robbery, the magistrates begin by endeavouring to *seduce* the prisoners to confess, and by *forcing* them to do so. On every occasion they torture by pulling, or twisting round the ears (the torturer having previously rendered his fingers rough by a powder) and cause them to kneel a long while upon chains. They next employ what they call the beauty's bar;\* the parrot's beam;† the refining furnace;‡ and other implements, expressed by other terms, which they make use of. If these do not force confession, they double the cruelties, the prisoner is restored to life again several times in a day, and when unable to sustain these cruelties, he is compelled to write down or sign a confession (of what he is falsely charged with,) and the case any how is made out, placed on record, and with a degree of self-glorying, is reported to your majesty. The imperial will is obtained, requiring the person to be delivered over to the board of punishments, for further trial.

After repeated examinations, and undergoing various tortures, the charges brought against many persons are seen to be entirely unfounded.

As, for example, in the case of the now degraded Tæu-tæ, who tried Lew-te-woo; and of the Che-chow, who tried Pih-keu-king. These mandarins inflicted the most cruel tortures, in a hundred different forms, and forced a confession. Lew-te-woo, being a strong robust man, just survived—life was all that was spared. The other, being a weak man, lost his life: he died as soon as he had reached the board at Peking. The snow-white innocence of these two men was afterwards demonstrated by the board of punishments.

The cruelties exercised by the local magistrates, in examining by torture, throughout every district of Chih-le,

\* A torture said to be invented by a judge's wife, and hence the name. The breast, small of the back, and legs bent up, are fastened to the cross-bars, which causes the person to kneel in great pain.

† The prisoner is raised from the ground by strings round the fingers and thumbs, suspended from a supple transverse beam.

‡ Fire is applied to the body.

cannot be described; and the various police runners, seeing the anxiety of their superiors to obtain notice and promotion, begin to lay plans to enrich themselves. In criminal cases, as murder and robbery; in debts and affrays, they endeavour to involve those who appear to have the slightest connexion. The wind being raised, they blow the spark into a flame, and seize a great many people, that they may obtain bribes from those people, in order to purchase their liberation. Those who have nothing to pay are unjustly confined, or sometimes tortured, before being carried to a magistrate. In some instances, after undergoing repeated examinations in presence of the magistrate, they are committed to the custody of people attached to the court, where they are fettered in various ways, so that it is impossible to move a single inch; and without paying a large bribe, they cannot obtain bail. Their oppressions are daily accumulated to such a degree, and for so long a time, that at last death is the consequence.

Since there is at this period particular occasion to seize banditti, if there be suspicious appearances, as the age or physiognomy corresponding to some offender described; it is doubtless proper to institute a strict inquiry.

But it is a common and constant occurrence, that respecting persons not the least implicated, who are known to possess property, and to be of a timid disposition, pretences are made by the police to threaten and alarm them. If it be not affirmed that they belong to the Pih-leen-keaou (a proscribed sect,) it is said, that they are of the remnant of the rebels, and they are forthwith clandestinely seized, fettered, and most liberally ill-used and insulted. The simple country people become frightened and give up their property to obtain liberation, and think themselves very happy in having escaped so.

I have heard that in several provinces Chih-le, Shan-tung, and Ho-nan, these practices have been followed ever since the rebellion; and wealth has been acquired in this way by many of the police officers. How can it be



that the local magistrates do not know it? or is it that they purposely connive at these tyrannical proceedings?

I lay this statement with much respect before your majesty, and pray that measures may be taken to prevent these evils. Whether my obscure notions be right or not, I submit with reverence.

It appears that the death-warrants to be signed by his majesty, at the autum-

nal execution, amount this year to nine hundred and thirty-five. In this number is included the lowest class of capital crimes. The share which Canton has in these, this year, is one hundred and thirty-three; but to the whole number executed in Canton during the year, the word *thousands*, it is said, must be applied; some say three *thousand*!

From La Belle Assemblée, Feb. 1820.

## CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, THE CONVERSION.

A Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN. CONTINUED FROM P. 261.

IN the mean time the church began to fill; every seat was crowded except those near the Duke, which remained empty. A few people had approached the picture to pay their devotions to it, but as soon as they perceived the Duke, they went away with an expression of terror on their visages, and each made the sign of the cross as they turned their eyes from him, so did all those who were obliged to pass by him. A profound silence reigned throughout the temple; every one was as much astonished to see the excommunicated Duke Otto in this holy place, as at the tenderness with which he pressed a child in his arms; he who had universally been regarded as impious, and as devoid of humanity as of belief. Several thought he had only come there to ridicule their worship and to blaspheme; but yet the manner with which he conversed with the child, and the expression of his countenance shewed that he was animated by milder sentiments. They waited impatiently for the arrival of the Archbishop who was to officiate that evening, hoping then that every thing would be explained. This Archbishop was brother to Duke Otto, and as pious and valiant a defender of the church as the Duke was unbelieving, licentious, and perverse; they were, of course, at variance. Otto had openly declared himself the enemy of all religion, treating the dogmas and rites of the church as bigotry and superstition, and he had in his own states despoiled the ecclesi-

astics of all their temporal possessions. At length the Archbishop was driven to the extremity of excommunicating him. The Duke had not been affected by it, but had continued to live after his own opinions. He was held in horror by the devout, but he did not on that account the less hold a high place in the opinion of the worldly, because of his rank and his fortune, especially as he had the reputation of being a brave warrior, and as well skilled in all the sciences as his virtuous brother.

The children of the choir soon made their appearance, clothed in their white surplices, and carrying censors, followed by two priests and the Archbishop with their sacerdotal ornaments. When the Archbishop passed before the pillar against which the Duke was leaning, he darted on him a most severe regard, and then continued his steps towards the great altar, where he gave to one of his deacons in a low voice, an order for the Duke to quit the church. As soon as Gottfried perceived the procession, he quitted the arms of the Knight, who had set him down, but who yet held him by the hand. He had placed himself, by means of the crowd, amongst the children of the choir; and the sacristin, deceived by his white shirt, had taken him for one who had officiated in that capacity, and when they drew near the altar had given him a wax taper. The Duke, in the mean time, looked about for his little companion; he had disappeared as if by enchantment. It came into his head that perhaps the in-

fant Jesus had appeared to him to engage him to re-enter the bosom of the church. Carried away by a fervour he knew not how to account for, he rushed towards the altar, his eyes streaming with tears, and throwing himself at the feet of the Archbishop, he cried with a loud voice—"O! my brother! restore to me my Saviour; receive me into the communion of the faithful. I submit myself to the severest penance the church can inflict upon me!"—The severe and composed countenance of the prelate became more animated; he shuddered, but a ray of happiness was diffused over his countenance, and his eyes filled with tears; but he soon recovered his imposing look, and after having given the most serious reprimand to the penitent, he declared, that he could not restore him to a seat in the church except on the condition of his making a public apology and a submission to the most rigorous acts of penance. But the more austerity he shewed in his speech the more the countenance of his brother softened, by the tears that he shed, by his deep repentance, and his humble resignation. A smile, the precursor of that felicity which was about to open to him below a new existence and a joyful hereafter, beamed across his contrite visage when the archbishop, in ending his discourse, said to him—"That in submitting to his penance, he would share in the benedictions of his Saviour's festival, which was now about to be celebrated in the mass, that he would become regenerate at that period when our Saviour was born."

Otto, penetrated with what he had heard, and the sacred solemnity at which he was allowed to be present, promised, with signs of deep repentance to return to the Christian faith, resigning himself to all the severities it might be pleased to inflict. The Archbishop revoked the ban pronounced against him and gave him absolution. It was near eleven o'clock; Gottfried, with his waxen taper in his hand, had placed himself near Duke Otto, who, in the emotion he had felt at the discourse of his brother, had almost forgotten his little friend, or rather he yet cherished the idea that he had seen a

supernatural vision: in the mean time the countenance of that child presented itself to his recollection as a passing cloud. During the discourse of the Archbishop, a messenger had arrived in the church, who searched round every part of it, asking several persons if they had not seen a child in a white shirt? that his mother had lost him; and this was Gottfried whom they sought. Elizabeth had long expected him with the most fearful anxiety, which had so augmented her fever, that seeing he did not come home, she rose from her bed to go and seek him herself; but she was too weak to go far. She descended the stairs with difficulty, and fainted away when she came to the threshold of the door: a neighbour, who knew her, lifted her up, and carried her back to her apartment; here not finding the child, he sent a person to seek him. His messenger not discovering him in the church stayed to see the ceremony.

The midnight mass having begun, and while the melody of the organs, accompanied by singing, were pouring forth their divine harmony, Gottfried really thought he heard celestial voices and a real concert of angels. His eyes were unceasingly turned to the vaulted roof of the temple; and he could perceive, though not distinctly, objects flying over his head. He raised his arms mechanically as if to catch hold of them; he could scarcely hold his taper, but he felt a shivering fit, and grasped it from a convulsive movement: his head sunk on his bosom, and he turned to look at the crowd that filled the church. He felt a palpitation at his heart, produced by a kind of terror he knew not why. He turned away his eyes from the multitude, who were strangers to him, and looked at the Archbishop, who at that moment was thanking God with fervour for the conversion of his brother. Gottfried again felt calm, he enjoyed that peace of innocence which, till that day, had never been troubled. He fancied he understood every word that came from the lips of the prelate. The music began again, the trumpets sounded as on the day when Jesus burst open the gates of death; by degrees the sounds became more tender, more touching, so that it



seemed as if the blessed Virgin was singing near the cradle of her son. At length the music ceased, and Gottfried was seen on his knees, holding the taper between both his hands, motionless, pale as a statue, his beautiful blue eyes fixed and half closed; around his pale lips played an innocent smile, such as is sometimes seen on the lips of those who have expired with feelings of piety and hope. It is not possible to say what he felt during the music, but it may be easily imagined; no doubt it was delightful, for his visage bore the stamp of beatitude, and of innocence so marked, that the children of the choir penetrated with holy awe, placed themselves at a distance from him, but still kept their eyes on him.

The service being ended, the organ played again, when to the great surprise of all present, Gottfried rose up again, and with a clear and sweet voice, pronounced the sacred words that he had recited to the Duke:—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."—Scarce had the words escaped him when the taper fell from his hands, his head sunk on his breast, the ringlets of his flaxen hair fell on one side, and the Duke perceiving him, ran and took him in his arms.

Whether Gottfried knew him or not, his little head fell on the Duke's shoulder, and he yielded up his last breath. His bodily weakness was not sufficient to bear him up under such various emotions, and God, in his mercy, took to himself his pure and innocent spirit. Young as he was he had loved his God, he had fulfilled every duty required of him at his early age, he was ripe for heaven, and without doubt became one of its angels. Otto embraced him and wept over him; the Archbishop pronounced the *Deo gratias*, and the two brothers extended a hand over the inanimate corpse of Gottfried.

"This child," said the Archbishop, "seems to have been offered as an oblation for thy sins; he is a victim without spot; by his death thy reconciliation with God is complete, and without doubt at this instant he intercedes for thee at the throne of grace. Thou weepest tenderly over him; was he known to thee? Knowest thou who were his parents?"

"No," replied Otto; "it is but an hour ago that I saw this child for the first time: it is he who opened my heart to repentance, and without doubt, he was sent by heaven."

To be continued.

From the European Magazine, Ap. 1, 1820.

### CAPT. SCORESBY'S VOYAGES.\*

The magnitude of this work makes us regret our limits will not allow us to give otherwise than a very curtailed detail of it. The author, who has been a navigator of some experience to the part in question, has considerably added to his own knowledge whatever information he could gain from the best authors, and leaves nothing to be doubted as to the result respecting the progress of discovery in the Arctic regions, to which subject he has appropriated the first volume of his work: or respecting the history of the whale fishery, which is the subject of the second.

We observe Mr. Scoresby is of opinion that a North-west passage certainly exists; yet, in a commercial point of view, he does not surmise it can be of much advantage, as, from the nature of the latitude, it could only be open for eight or ten weeks, and that only at certain intervals. Hence the discovery of a passage to the Pacific Ocean would be of no real service.

It must afford a heartfelt pleasure to those interested in the fate of the expedition in that quarter, to be told by a navigator of the author's skill and intelligence, there is no risk in wintering in the Northern parts of Baffin's Bay, though he seems to think that journeys by land would only lead to the accomplishment of the object in view. But hear his own words:—

"Men there are," he alleges, "who, being long used to travel upon snow in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, would readily undertake the journey from the interior lakes of North America to the Frozen Ocean, or, in case of a continuity of land being found, to the very pole itself; of whose success we should certainly have a reasonable ground of hope. The practicability of this mode of making discoveries has been fully proved by the journeys of Mackenzie and Hearn."

His description of the mode of travelling over the snow leads us to suppose that ice, and not land, is to be found for a wide extent round the Pole; nay, that even travellers might find their way

\* *An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a Description of the Northern Whale Fishery.* By W. Scoresby, F.R.S.E. Illustrated by 24 Engravings. 8vo. 2 vols.

over the ice quite to Spitzbergen : and he ridicules the idea of there being open sea there, as he imagines no vessel ever yet penetrated beyond eighty-one and a half degrees.

Having, as we before observed, treated in the first volume of the possibility of a sea communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, he proceeds, from his own observation, to give us some account of the Polar countries.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making a few extracts relating to that mighty monster of the deep, the whale :—

### *Surprising Vigour of a Whale.*

ON the 25th of June, 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the *Resolution*, of Whitby, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines was attached to those of the *fast-boat*, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour the *fast-boat*, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes sail, we instantly steered towards the boat, with the view of affording assistance by means of a spare boat we still retained on board. Before we reached the place, however, we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down ; while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely 100 yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice, the oars were thrown down, the crew leaped overboard, the bow of the boat was buried in the water, the stern rose perpendicularly and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the iron ring at the boat's stern, was the means of its loss ;\* and

\* "Giving a whale the boat," as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat is termed, is a scheme not unfrequently practised by the fisher when in want of line. By submitting to this risk, he expects to gain the fish, and still has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. It is only practised in open ice or at fields,

a *tongue* of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat, by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance, as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were therefore put to the necessity of swimming for their preservation, but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship in a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation ; none of our harpooners, therefore, had any scruple in leaving the *fast-boat*, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upward, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us, that we no longer retained any hold of it ; as such, we set all the sail the ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward ; a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour three harpoons were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second *fast-boat* ; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice, and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still *fast*, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpoons drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, re-



mained fast to the fish, and this with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship were wheeled about by the strength of the whale; and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack, with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when 14 lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth fast-boat, a slight entanglement of the line, broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and 28 lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  English miles; value, with the boat, above 150*l.* sterling.

The obstruction of the sunken boat, to the progress of the fish, must have been immense; and that of the lines likewise considerable; the weight of lines alone, being 35 hundred weight.

So long as the fourth fast-boat, through the medium of its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we searched the adjoining sea with the ship in vain; but, in a short time after the line was divided, we got sight of the object of pursuit, at the distance of near two miles to the eastward of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One boat only with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved by the ship. Having, however, fortunately fine weather, and a fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chase under all sails; though, it must be confessed, with the insignificant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the rapidity of its flight considered, we had but very small hopes of success. At length, after pursuing it five or six

miles, being at least nine miles from the place where it was struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined to rest after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismantled or empty boats having been furnished with two lines each, (a very inadequate supply,) they, together with the one in a good state of equipment, now made an attack upon the whale. One of the harpooners made a blunder; the fish saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled. I now supposed it would be seen no more; nevertheless, we chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined it had taken, and placed the boats to the best of my judgment, in the most advantageous situations. In this case we were extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of the boats, and was immediately harpooned. In a few minutes two more harpoons entered its back, and lances were plied against it with vigour and success. Exhausted by its amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at length to its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lances without resistance, and finally died without a struggle. Thus terminated with success, an attack upon a whale, which exhibited the most uncommon determination to escape from its pursuers, seconded by the most amazing strength of any individual whose capture I ever witnessed. After all, it may seem surprising, that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring 9 feet six inches, while those affording 12 feet *bone* are not uncommon.\* The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture, was singularly great. It amounted, altogether, to 10,440 yards, or nearly six English miles. Of these, 13 new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having dropt out before the whale was killed.

*"Fishers thrown overboard, by the jerking or sudden heeling of the Boats, in consequence of blows from Whales.—On the 3d of June 1811, a boat from*

\* It has been frequently observed, that whales of this size are the most active of the species; and that those of a very large growth are, in general, captured with less trouble.

the ship *Resolution*, commanded at the time by myself, put off in pursuit of a whale, and was rowed upon its back. At the moment that it was harpooned, it struck the side of the boat a violent blow with its tail, the shock of which threw the boat-steerer to some distance into the water. A repetition of the blow projected the harpooner and line-manager in a similar way, and completely drenched the part of the crew remaining in the boat, with the sprays. One of the men regained the boat, but as the fish immediately sunk, and drew the boat away from the place, his two companions in misfortune were soon left far beyond the reach of assistance. The harpooner though a practised swimmer, felt himself so bruised and enervated by a blow he had received on the chest, that he was totally incapacitated from giving the least support to his fellow sufferer. The ship being happily near, a boat which had been lowered on the first alarm, arrived to their succour, at the moment when the line-manager, who was unacquainted with the art of swimming, was on the point of sinking, to rise no more. Both the line-manager and harpooner were preserved; and the fish, after a few hours close pursuit, was subdued.

A large whale harpooned from a boat belonging to the same ship, became the subject of a general chase on

the 23d of June, 1809. Being myself in the first boat which approached the fish, I struck my harpoon at arm's length, by which we fortunately evaded a blow that appeared to be aimed at the boat. Another boat then advanced, and another harpoon was struck, but not with the same result; for the stroke was immediately returned by a tremendous blow from the fish's tail. The boat was sunk by the shock; and, at the same time, whirled round with such velocity, that the boat-steerer was precipitated into the water, on the side next to the fish, and was accidentally carried down to a considerable depth by its tail. After a minute or so, he arose to the surface of the water and was taken up, along with his companions, into my boat. A similar attack was made on the next boat which came up; but the harpooner being warned of the prior conduct of the fish, used such precautions, that the blow, though equal in strength, took effect only in an inferior degree. The boat was slightly stove. The activity and skill of the lancers soon overcame this designing whale, accomplished its capture, and added its produce to the cargo of the ship. Such intentional mischief on the part of a whale, it must be observed, is an occurrence which is somewhat rare."

---

From the *Literary Gazette*.

### WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEMS.\*

**T**HIS volume will be published next week; and we are called upon to give our opinion upon it, as far and as correctly as one perusal admits. Under such circumstances, it is a very gratifying relief to our minds to have a report almost unmixedly favourable to make. We consider these poems to be by much the least mannered and most beautiful of any that this distinguished individual has ever written. There is a tenderness which runs through them of the truest nature; their pathos is genuine and affecting; many of their images bear the impress of genius, and

touches of soul are thickly sown over them; and, to those who are familiar with our sentiments respecting the mis-called simplicities of Peter Bells, Waggoners, Daffodils, &c., it will not seem a slight recommendation of the forthcoming work, that it is almost entirely unstained with similar puerilities.

"*The River Duddon*," is a composition consisting of thirty-three Sonnets, suggested by various views of that stream, and reflections arising out of

---

\* *The River Duddon; a Series of Sonnets: and other Poems, &c.* By Wm. Wordsworth.



them. The second, an address to the river which flows from Wrynose Fall, at first through a mountain district, and thence through a more cultivated tract, for twenty-five miles, and enters the Irish sea, is highly poetical.

Child of the clouds! remote from every taint  
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;  
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;  
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,  
Thy hand-maid Frost with spangled tissue quaint  
Thy cradle decks;—to chaunt thy birth, thou hast  
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,  
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!  
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare  
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
Where stalk'd the huge deer to his shaggy lair\*  
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,  
Thousand of years before the silent air  
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

The third is rather formal in its rhymes; and the fourth does not meet our ideas so strikingly as that which follows it.

Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that play'd  
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,  
Unfruitful solitudes, that seem'd to upbraid  
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade  
For Thee, green alders have together wound  
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;  
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.  
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;  
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
Carelessly watch'd, sport through the summer day,  
Thy pleas'd associates:—light as endless May  
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

The eleventh, entitled "The Fairy Chasm," claims a place for its fancy.

No fiction was it of the antique age:  
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft  
Which tiny Elves impress'd;—on that smooth stage  
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage  
In secret revels—haply after theft  
Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and coarse weed  
left,  
For the distracted mother to assuage  
Her grief with, as she might;—But, where, oh where  
Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
That ruled those dances, wild in character?  
—Deep underground?—Or in the upper air,  
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats  
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

The fifteenth is grandly descriptive—

From this deep chasm—where quivering sunbeams  
play  
Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes behold

\* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

A gloomy Niche, capacious, blank and cold;  
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;  
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old  
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!  
Was it by mortals sculptur'd?—weary slaves  
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast  
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?  
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge past?

The following, the 21st, possesses a most interesting tenderness and flush of imagination.

Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart  
That told of days long past when here I roved  
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;  
Some who had early mandates to depart,  
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart  
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,  
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;  
And smother'd joys into new being start.  
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;  
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free  
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,  
Horse charging horse mid these retired domains;  
Nor that their turf drank purple from the veins  
Of heroes fall'n, or struggling to advance,  
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins,  
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,  
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.  
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie  
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,  
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;  
The Torrents chaunt their praise, inspiring scorn  
Of power usurp'd,—with proclamation high,  
And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

The same poetic veins run through the last three of the series, and we make no excuse for copying them entirely.

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep;  
Lingering no more mid flower-enamelled lands  
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands  
Held;—but in radiant progress tow'rd the Deep  
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
Sink, and forget their nature;—now expands  
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands,  
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!  
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide  
Is opened round him;—hamlets, towers and towns,  
And blue-topp'd hills, behold him from afar;  
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied,  
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,  
With Commerce freighted or triumphant War.

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;  
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast  
A crimson splendour: lowly is the mast

That rises here, and humbly spread the sail;  
While less disturbed than in the narrow Vale  
Through which with strange vicissitudes he pass'd,  
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast  
Where all his unambitious functions fail.  
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free,  
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,  
And each tumultuous working left behind  
At seemly distance, to advance like Thee,  
Prepared, in Peace of heart, in calm of mind  
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!  
For, *backward*, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,  
I see what was, and is, and will abide!  
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;  
The Form remains, the Function never dies;  
While *we*, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish:—be it so!  
Enough, if something from our hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;  
And if, as tow'rd the silent tomb we go,  
Thro' love, thro' hope, and faith's transcendent power,  
We feel that we are greater than we know.

To this poem of strung Sonnets, is  
appended a few notes and a biograph-  
ical memoir of a Mr. Walker, a lowly  
but eminently virtuous clergyman.  
Then follows Vaudracour and Julia, a  
tale of lawless and hapless love. Its  
opening is charming.

O happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
My story may begin) O balmy time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!  
To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds  
Than ever fortune had been known to do)  
The high-born Vaudracour was brought by years  
Whose progress had a little overstepped  
His stripling prime. A town of small repute,  
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,  
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he woo'd a Maid  
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,  
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
From which her graces and her honours sprung:  
And hence the father of the enamour'd Youth,  
With haughty indignation, spurn'd the thought  
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,  
With but a step between their several homes,  
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife  
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;  
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;  
And strangers to content if long apart,  
Or more divided than a sportive pair  
Of sea-fowl conscious both that they are hovering  
Within the eddy of a common blast,  
Or hidden only by the concave depth  
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given,  
By ready nature, for a life of love,  
For endless constancy and placid truth;

But whatsoever of such rare treasure lay  
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
Of their maturer years, his present mind  
Was under fascination;—he beheld  
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring:  
Life turn'd the meanest of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;  
Her chamber window did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,  
Swarm'd with enchantment, till his spirit sank  
Surcharged within him,—overblest to move  
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
To its dull round of ordinary cares:  
A man too happy for immortality!

We confess that we know no paral-  
lel to this in the whole range of Eng-  
lish amatory poetry. The picture is  
full of living grace, and every heart must  
feel its magical power. The sequent  
misfortunes of the lovers gives augmen-  
ted force and beauty to the delightful  
simile of the sea fowl sporting uncon-  
scious amid blast or billow. Julia be-  
comes a mother ere a wife. Violence  
separates her from Vaudracour; and a  
convent encloses her griefs, while imbe-  
cile apathy deadens the fiercer sorrows  
of her beloved. We refrain from  
dwelling more at length upon the story,  
in order to find space for examples of  
the shorter productions, which we can  
transplant whole into our page. The  
“Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on  
the eve of a New Year;” is apt for this  
purpose.

“Smile of the moon!—for so I name  
That silent greeting from above;  
A gentle flash of light that came  
From Her whom drooping Captives love;  
Or art thou of still higher birth?  
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
My torpor to reprove!

“Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas,  
I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
Pondering that Time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year;  
For years to me are sad and dull;  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.

“—And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the farthest cone  
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and me alone;  
Me, unapproach'd by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.



"To-night, the church-tower bells shall ring,  
Through these wide realms, a festive peal;  
To the new year a welcoming;  
A tuneful offering for the weal,  
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.

"Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher—to be cast thus low!  
Would that mine eyes had never gaz'd  
On aught of more ambitious show  
Than the sweet flow'rets of the fields!  
—It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe.

"Yet how?—for I, if there be truth  
In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the Owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair.

"Unblest distinctions! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains;  
All that could quit my grasp or flee,  
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit;—for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

"A woman rules my prison's key;  
A sister Queen, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me—doubtful of the event;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
O keep them innocent!

"Farewell for ever human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court!  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Offears the prey, of hopes the sport,  
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

"Hark! the death-note of the year,  
Sounded by the castle-clock!"—  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;  
But oft the woods renowned their green,  
Ere the tir'd head of Scotland's Queen  
Repos'd upon the block!

The pathetic tone and elegant versification of this lament need no comment. From an ode to Lycoris we select a passage worthy of being its companion.

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
Brush'd by the owl's wing;  
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,  
And Autumn to the Spring.  
Sad fancies do we then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness.

2B ATHENEUM VOL. 7.

Lycoris (if such name befit  
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)  
When Nature marks the year's decline,  
Be ours to welcome it;  
Pleased with the soil's requited cares;  
Pleased with the blue that ether wears;  
Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;  
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell  
Of the resplendant miracle,

But something whispers to my heart  
That, as we downward tend,  
Lycoris! life requires an art  
To which our souls must bend;  
A skill—to balance and supply;  
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
Frank greeting, then, to that blythe Guest  
Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea,  
To aid the vernal Deity  
Whose home is in the breast!  
May pensive autumn ne'er present  
A claim to her disparagement!  
While blossoms and the budding spray  
Inspire us in our own decay;  
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the soul!

The model of L'Allegro is not far forgotten here; nor in the following felicitous allusions to Ambition, notwithstanding a somewhat of ruggedness in the verse, are we disposed to find a less flattering comparison for the poet.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads  
Here, as in busier scenes, grounds steep and rough,  
Oft perilous, always tiresome; and each step,  
As we for most uncertain gain ascend  
Toward the clouds, dwarfing the world below,  
Induces, far its old familiar sights,  
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
With wonder mixed—that man could e'er be tied,  
In anxious bondage, to such nice array  
And formal fellowship of petty things!  
Oh, 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,  
Making a truth and beauty of her own!  
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,  
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work,  
More efficaciously than rills outspread,  
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze,  
Ocean and earth contending for regard!  
Lo! there a dim Egerian grotto fringed  
With ivy-twine profusely from its brow  
Dependant,—enter without further aim;  
And let me see thee sink into a mood  
Of quiet thought—protracted till thine eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are gone  
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend;  
We two have known such happy hours together  
That, were power granted to replace them (fetched  
From out the pensive shadows where they lie)  
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
Loth should I be to use it; passing sweet  
Are the domains of tender memory!

The poem written in sight of Wallace's Tower, at Cora Linn, cannot be passed in silence. It speaks in the grandest voice of inspiration.

Lord of the Vale! astounding flood!  
The dullest leaf, in this thick wood,  
Quakes—conscious of thy power;  
The caves reply with hollow moan;  
And vibrates to its central stone,  
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!  
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
Beneficent and strong;  
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
The little trembling flowers that peep  
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
To look on thee—delight to rove  
Where they thy voice can hear;  
And to the patriot warrior's Shade,  
Lord of the Vale! to Heroes laid  
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night,  
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;  
Or stands, in warlike vest,

Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
A champion worthy of the stream,  
Yon grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide  
A Form not doubtfully desiered:  
Their transient mission o'er,  
O say to what blind regions flee  
These Shapes of awful phantasy?  
To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;  
But this we from the mountains learn,  
And this the valleys show,  
That never will they deign to hold  
Communion where the heart is cold  
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain  
Shall walk the Marathonian Plain;  
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,  
That still invests the guardian Pass  
Where stood sublime Leonidas,  
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail  
For such to glide with oar or sail  
Beneath the piny wood,  
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,  
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake  
Their thirst in Tyrant's blood!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## SPAIN AND THE INQUISITION.

**W**HEN the discontinuance of human sacrifices, and the abolition of slavery are cited as amongst the advantages of Christianity, we are too apt to forget the Slave Trade, and the *auto-da-fes* of the inquisition; and it may fairly be asked, whether the Druids of Europe and priests of Carthage immolated more victims on the altars of their gods than the churchmen of Castile and Arragon have sacrificed in the name of Heaven. God forbid, however, that we should impute to the Christian religion the crimes of its ministers! in that case, few professions of faith would excite more melancholy reflection than that of the church of Rome, particularly as established in Spain and Italy.

All that history relates of the Neros, Caligulas, and other monsters who have at different periods outraged humanity, is far exceeded in atrocity by the annals of the holy office. We have hitherto had but very imperfect notions and incorrect accounts of this too famous tribunal, of which secrecy was the soul; while many have not hesitated to say, that the Inquisition had been

calumniated. At length, M. Llorente, considering the Inquisition, of which he was long the secretary, for ever abolished after the French army entered Spain in 1808, undertook to write its history. All the archives of the supreme council and inferior tribunals were placed at his disposal; from these he extracted *two hundred volumes in folio*, comprising the correspondence and decrees of the inquisitors, and composed from those rich materials the work recently published. The perusal of the first volume alone is sufficient to make us blush for our species at the enormities into which men are hurried by fanaticism.

Amongst the innumerable blessings to which this country is indebted for the spirit of rational liberty that has always animated the people, the exemption of our ancestors from this revolting institution, is far from being the least important. In France, its origin was not unlike that of the Crusades; and the honour of it is given to St. Louis. The first members were a few monks, who were sent into the southern provinces to convert the Albigeois; they



next passed into Spain, where the Inquisition was finally established, and in the fifteenth century became in full activity.

A million of Jews had just embraced Christianity, to avoid being massacred. They were rich, and large sums were due to them : this was a good reason for suspecting the sincerity of their devotion. Extensive confiscations were, in consequence, pointed out to Ferdinand the Catholic, and Isabella, his Queen, and all the converted Jews of Arragon and Castile were given up to the scrutiny of the Inquisition, which abused its detestable powers in the most flagrant manner. Every converted Israelite who happened to put on a better dress than usual on a Saturday, or who passed a knife over the right thumb nail to examine the fineness of its edge, was charged with relapsing into Judaism.

The office of informer was a duty enjoined in the most peremptory manner to the husband and wife, father and son. That portion of the accused party's property which should be most agreeable to the informant, was promised to him, even before condemnation. The accused never knew by whom he had been denounced. In examining the witnesses, care was taken not to state the ground of accusation. The inquisitors required the accused to declare all they knew ; hence resulted a host of incidental charges.

The torture was at hand to assist the memory of the accused ; and as it was obtained from the liberality of the pious judges, that a culprit should only be exposed once to the interrogatory, the holy fathers made a point of inserting on the minutes, that the examination was *suspended*, after which they could renew it without any scruple, as it then became merely a continuation. Whoever happened to be declared a good Catholic, was, nevertheless, obliged to pay for his absolution ; but this was so extremely rare, that until the reign of Philip III. we scarcely find a single instance of absolution out of two thousand judgments. In all the other cases, pains and penalties were imposed, more or less severe, according to the real or

imaginary crimes of the accused : any one who at once acknowledged himself guilty of Judaism, and affected repentance, was released on paying a large fine. Those who did not confess their error until after some delay, were condemned to have their property confiscated, and to be imprisoned for life. Whoever refused to become his own accuser was released, that is, given up to the secular branch, and burnt !

If by any accident or discovery, a condemned person was reprieved, he did not hear of it until he arrived at the foot of the scaffold, after having gone through all the dreadful ceremony of preparing for an ignominious death : this pardon generally bereft its objects of their reason. Every bishop had his prison, and each inquisitor possessed one for his own victims. These were soon filled, others were built and also gorged ; at length, it became necessary to direct that all those who were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, should remain shut up in their own houses, and not come out under pain of death.

At Seville, were four statues of clay, representing the Prophets, in which heretics who had been condemned to the *release* were burned by a slow fire ; others were put to death gradually, with sharply pointed reeds, and the high roads were often strewed with the members of these ill-fated victims.

A person might be both denounced and condemned long after his death : in this case, his bones were disinterred and collected ; a son was once obliged to go to Toulouse and dig up the remains of his father, who had been tried in Spain ; he was under the necessity of producing an attested paper to prove that the bones did not belong to another corpse. When such cases occurred, the property of the deceased was taken from his heirs, and confiscated as if he himself had been alive ; even those who might have purchased it were forced to restore it, and the dowry given to his daughters were reclaimed.

An immense number of families sought their safety by flying into France, Italy, Portugal, and Africa ; laws were passed against the fugitives :

others hoped to save themselves by appealing to the popes, or buying secret absolutions, which exempted them from the Inquisition; very considerable sums were sent out of Spain to pay for these precious safe-guards. The inquisitors having complained of this infraction of their privileges, it was annulled by the sovereign Pontiff; but they were soon after put up for sale again.

Having extracted all they could from the converted Jews, it was determined to expel them altogether out of Spain. The people were made to believe that the Jewish doctors and apothecaries were in the habit of poisoning their Christian patients, and that they crucified all the children of that religion whom they could steal from the parents. The Jews saw that money was the object of their persecutors, and therefore offered to appease the wrath of the Inquisition, by giving a subsidy of thirty thousand ducats to Ferdinand, who was about to accept it when the grand inquisitor appeared before him and Queen Isabella bearing a crucifix in his hand, exclaiming, "Judas sold his master for thirty pieces of brass; your majesties can do so for as many marks of silver: behold him here before you: make haste therefore, and sell him at once." Another argument, still more calculated to persuade Ferdinand was, that the proposed expulsion would bring a much larger sum than the subsidy. Eight hundred thousand Jews compelled to expatriate themselves within the short space of three months,

under pain of death or confiscation, were obliged to give up nearly all they possessed. A contemporary historian relates, that he saw a house given for an ass, and a vineyard exchanged for a piece of cloth!

This dreadful scene was renewed a century later, (in 1609), but the Moors were now the victims; Philip III. sanctioned their expulsion by the grand inquisitor. Francis I. of France, recommended this measure to Charles V. during his captivity; very good advice, if given to the Emperor as his enemy, for it caused the loss of a large portion of the most industrious population of Spain.

By degrees, the Inquisition extended its jurisdiction to points that had no connection whatever with heresy, such as usury, bigamy, and similar offences, and whenever a conflict of jurisdictions arose between it and the civil government, it is hardly necessary to say that the holy office triumphed.

From the authentic statements of M. Llorente it appears, that, independently of the three millions of Jews and Moors driven out of Spain by the holy office, the four grand inquisitors who succeeded each other between 1481 and 1524, an interval of forty-three years, condemned 229,721 individuals, viz. 202,170 to confiscation, perpetual imprisonment, or to some degrading punishment, and 27,544 to death, of whom 17,996 were burned alive, and the rest in effigy!

Concluded in our next.

## VARIETIES.

From the English Magazines, April 1820.

### NUGÆ CURIOSÆ.

**F**ROM Adam to Christ, exclusive of both, there were only 74 generations;—from the birth of Christ to that of the present King, were 1756 years: if every one of progenitors was born when his father was 25 years of age one with another, and there were four such generations in every century, that is 70 generations; which being added to the above 74, it will yield not more than 144 generations between

Adam and the present King;—and many, from the distance of time, would guess them at thousands.

### MODERN INVENTIONS.

The improvements made in all arts and sciences within the last 200 years have nearly doubled the present limitation of life, in that we live more in less time.

The Egyptians were so ignorant of medicine, that, when any one was sick,



they called in as many persons as possible to see him, that, if any one of them had the like distemper, he might say what was fit for his cure.—*Shuckford. Con. 9. 367.*

Surgery was much the oldest branch of physick which they practised.—

*Æsculapius* was followed by a dog and a she-goat. The dog was taught to lick all ulcerated wounds, and the goat's milk was given for all diseases of the stomach and lungs.—*Temple, i. 180.*

The Chinese were so ignorant of geography, that their Literati seeing a map of the world in the hands of the Jesuits, took one of the two hemispheres which contained Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the empire of China ;—and in mechanics it was the same, for one mistook a watch for a living creature.—*Jesuits' Travels, II. 304; Boyle, Final Causes, 230.*

The Chinese can never acquire a knowledge of other languages, because they have no idea of method in the construction of their own, having no alphabet.

Divine honour and deification were formerly paid to men who invented improvements in agriculture, arts, &c. such as Jupiter, Bacchus, Minerva, Ceres. But there is not a modern plough-boy who would not have become a god, with his present skill in husbandry. Had the mystery of Printing been invented in antient times, Guttenberg of Mentz might have been a god of higher esteem in Germany than Mercury or Jupiter—*Worth. Ep. 169.* This cannot be thought improbable, since his assistant Fust, or Faust, attained the title of Conjuror for it, in so late times and such a place as Paris.—*Bp. Law.*

If the antients could come back to the world, and see and read modern Sciences as we read of theirs, they would suppose themselves transplanted into some planet appointed for their progressive improvement, before they could be admitted into Heaven.

#### SAVOISI AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

The university of Paris is certainly an admirable institution ; but, like most privileged corporations, it attaches more importance to the extension of its

rights than to the maintenance of salutary and impartial discipline. The Rue Pavée Saint Antoine was once the theatre of an event, which, had it occurred in our times, would have been immediately repressed, without being attended by any deplorable excess. Piganiol thus relates the principal circumstances of a curious contest, which was kept up with animosity for upwards of a century.

“ On the 14th of July, 1408, as the procession of students was passing thro' the *Rue du Roi de Sicile*,\* on its way to the Church of *Sainte Catharine*, *Duval des Ecoliers*, one of the servants of Charles Savoisi, who had been watering his horse, made it gallop across the street, through the procession, by which one of the students was covered with mud. The student struck the servant who called the rest of his master's domestics to his aid. They pursued the students to the door of the Church of *Sainte Catharine*, where one of the servants shot several arrows into the Church, one of which flew to the grand altar, during the performance of mass. The University pursued Savoisi rigorously for this insult ; and by a decree of the council of state, at which the king presided with the princes of the blood, it was ordained that his house should be demolished ; and he was condemned to pay 1500 livres to the wounded, and 1000 livres to the university. Three of Savoisi's servants were condemned to perform penance, stript to their shirts, with torches in their hands, before the churches of *Sainte Genevieve*, *Sainte Catharine*, and *Saint Severin* ; after which they were whipped at the cross-roads of Paris, and banished for three years.”

Two years afterwards the king permitted Savoisi to rebuild his house ; but the University obstinately opposed this act of royal clemency. It was not until twelve years had elapsed, that they suffered Savoisi to rebuild his house on the express condition, that the sentence pronounced on him should be engraven on a stone, and placed above the

\* *Rene, Duke of Anjou*, being called to the throne of Sicily, gave his name to the street in which he lived before he was invested with the Neapolitan crown. Under the reign of this prince, the horrible massacre of the Sicilian Vespers took place.

door. The inscription was made, but the stone was fixed up against a wall in the garden. (*French Journal*.)

#### THE GEORGIUM SIDUS.

Since the decease of his late venerable Majesty, *George the Third*, coincidences have been sought after with avidity. That the longest reigns in the annals of Britain have been Henry the IIIrd, Edward the IIIrd, and George the IIIrd, is a circumstance recommended to the notice of the rising generation. But there is a coincidence which seems not to have been recognised, with which *the juvenile astronomer* will be gratified. In the year 1781, Dr. Herschell, of *Slough* near WINDSOR, discovered a *New Planet*, which he denominated THE GEORGIUM SIDUS, out of compliment to his Majesty, who had patronized him with his accustomed liberality. Now it is somewhat remarkable, that as THE GEORGIUM SIDUS is *eighty-three* years creeping through its orbit, the age of HIS MAJESTY nearly corresponded with the long period in which the progress of this planet around the sun is completed! With many individuals, the revolution of an assigned period is a matter of serious consideration. Thus the Cycles of the Sun and of the Moon are deemed interesting portions of chronology; but to the nearly approaching coincidence of his late Majesty's life with the single revolution of THE GEORGIUM SIDUS no importance is attached. The notice of it may, however, afford an innocent gratification.

#### NEW MECHANICAL INVENTION.

To WILLIAM GOOD, of Bridport, Shipbuilder; for an Improvement in the Art of tanning Hides and Skins, and Barking and Colouring Nets, Sails, and other Articles, by the application of certain Materials hitherto unused for that Purpose.

The improvement which Mr. Good has effected in the art of tanning, is by rendering the process more economical. He has discovered that the trunk, roots, limbs, branches, and leaves of the oak, whether tree, pollard, coppice, or underwood, possess tanning properties, in a sufficient quantity to be employed with advantage in that business, which properties may be best extracted therefrom, by reducing such of the above articles as are large enough for sawing to sawdust, or by chopping the same and the articles of less size into small pieces; and he accordingly claims the exclusive right of using such articles for the aforesaid purpose.

The mode of extracting such tanning properties and of using the same is as follows: To tan calf or other thin skins, put 100 lb. of the limbs or branches chopped as above-mentioned into a copper, containing about sixty gallons of water, and boil till the water be reduced to from thirty-five to forty gallons; draw off the decoction so produced, and which is to be used as hereafter stated. Add to the same limbs or branches forty gallons of water, and again boil the same till the water be reduced to about twenty-five gallons. The liquor thus produced by the second boil-

ing is used as a weak ooze, and as the first process in tanning such skins after they come from the beam, and afterwards the decoction first produced in the manner in which tanners are in the habit of using oak-bark.

To tan hides, take one hundred weight of the limbs or branches, three quarters of an hundred weight of oak saw dust (the sooner the latter is used after being made the better), and one-quarter of a hundred weight of the root, and boil in eighty gallons of water till reduced to from fifty to sixty gallons. Draw off the decoction, and put aside for use as will be mentioned. To the materials left in the copper add sixty gallons of water, and again boil till reduced to from thirty to thirty-five gallons. The liquor produced by such second boiling is employed in the first stage of tanning such hides after they come from the beam, and afterwards the decoction first produced is employed. The skins and hides having undergone the before-mentioned process, and as much oak-bark or tar-liquor, or both, to the respective decoctions as is necessary to complete the tanning. The quantity of each will vary according to the strength of such decoctions which strength will depend on the age and size of the tree, and other circumstances too evident to require their being particularized.

The method which was used for barking or colouring of nets, sails, or other articles, is as follows:—he puts one hundred weight of oak branches, and one hundred weight of spent bark from any tannery, into one hundred gallons of water, and so in proportion for a greater or less quantity; and after boiling the same till it be reduced to about eighty gallons, he takes the branches and spent bark from the copper by means of any convenient instrument, and then immerses as many nets, sails, or other articles, as the case may be, into the liquor left in the copper as the liquor will admit of, taking care that the said nets, sails, or other articles, be completely covered with the said liquor. He boils the whole together for about three hours, then removes the fire, and suffers the whole to get cool together, after which he removes the nets, sails, or other articles, from the furnace, and hangs them up to dry.

#### IRON BOAT.

A passage boat of malleable iron now plies on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It is called *The Vulcan*, and succeeds to admiration. The length is 63 feet; beam, 13 feet; depth, 5 feet; draught of water when launched, 22 inches abaft, and 19 inches forward—when fitted with cabins, &c. 27 and 25 inches—when laden with 200 passengers and their baggage, under 48 inches, on an even keel. The weight of iron employed was twelve tons, 11½ cwt. which is less than a wooden vessel of the same dimensions. The iron is of the kind called *Scrap*.

#### IMPROVED METHOD OF FEEDING PIGS.

We understand that a pig belonging to Mr. Fisher, of Scrooby Inn, gained by feed-



ing on *Indian corn*, in the course of *six weeks and 3 days*, the enormous weight of *fifteen stone*.

The pigs in the vicinity of Naples are so fat as to be able to move with difficulty; and several persons have been curious to learn in what manner this desideratum was obtained. They were informed that the pigs were always fed in the first instance with indian corn, and then generally permitted to shift for themselves. The method adopted by the Neapolitans to ascertain when the animal is ripe for the knife, is as extraordinary as it is cruel. An iron probe is plunged into the side of the animal, and when the point touches the muscular fibre, it is indicated by the expression of pain. The above fact is here corroborated, and the agriculturist may advantageously avail himself of the discovery.

#### BOOTS WITHOUT SEAMS.

A patent has lately been obtained for the manufacture of boots without seams. For this purpose, the patentee proposes that the thigh of the beast should be flayed without cutting open, and afterwards dressed and curried upon blocks. The boot top upon the same principle is to be made of the shoulder, prepared in like manner.

#### INDIAN CURE FOR THE EAR ACHE.

Take a piece of the lean of mutton, about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire and burn it out for some time till it becomes

reduced almost to a cinder; then put it into a piece of clean rag, and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it. This has been tried in a family at Madras, in more than one instance, and gave immediate relief, after laudanum and other medicines had been ineffectually applied.

#### CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

If a blacksmith strike his anvil with a hammer, action and re-action are equal, the anvil striking the hammer as forcibly as the hammer strikes the anvil. If the anvil be large enough, a man may place it on his breast and suffer another person to strike it with all his force without sustaining any injury, because the *vis inertiae* in the anvil will resist the force of the blow, but if the anvil be too small, the blow will be fatal.

#### INSTANTANEOUS LIGHT.

Matches for this purpose are prepared by mingling two parts of the oxymuriate of potash and one of sulphur, which, by means of a little gum, is attached to a common sulphur match. This match, on being dipped into, or rather slightly wet with, oil of vitriol immediately catches fire. The sulphur and salt should be pulverised separately; if rubbed together in a mortar, they form a dangerous explosive mixture.

## POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazine, Ap. 1, 1820.

### PARAPHRASE ON AN ORIENTAL POEM, BY SUODA.

[This Poet has always been considered as the POPE of Hindostanee poetry, in which language his works are all composed; and he is much admired like our Pope, for the harmony of the versification and the keenness of his satirical pieces. He flourished about the year 1780, at Luknow, in the administration of Mr. Hastings, and at the Courts of Shoojaul Duola and Asufood Duola, by both of whom he was patronised. He is, in short, the Prince of Hindostanee poets, and universally admired as such; while WULEE is equally esteemed, the father of their poetical Compositions, like our Chaucer.]

WHAT else, I oft times pensive ween,  
Can various creeds and tenets mean,  
Whence flow the ardent pray'r,  
But that of Mooslim, Pagan, Jew,  
Must, as the Christian's, each be true;  
For God is every where.

Thus in one circle we divine,  
The radii from its bounding line  
Concentric still unite;  
So from the wide extended round  
Of all religions, will be found  
One only Lord of light.

Yon solar orb in every ray  
Shines forth the glorious god of day,  
Oft with refracted beam;  
On shifting clouds does he retire?  
Or can they quench his awful fire?  
Speak, sages! do I dream?

With broken heart and wounded soul,  
I wandering search from pole to pole,  
For balm to heal my woes;  
Still not one doctor can I find,  
Like death to cure my tortur'd mind,  
O come and bring repose!

Sweet bird of eve, thy plaintive note  
Could never drown my louder throat,  
If rev'rence due to love,  
Did not silence my moans and sighs,  
And bid me turn these streaming eyes,  
To the great God above.

Before whose dreadful sword, this neck  
Is like the cobweb's finest wreck,  
That floats upon the air;  
Look, angels! tell me ay or nay,  
Ye surely can the truth display,  
And will the whole declare.

That providence is just I own,  
Though fortune sternly on me frown;  
The fault perhaps is mine:  
Come, cherubs! teach the soothing plan  
Of calm content to wayward man,  
And let me not repine.

Once I the pilgrim Suoda spied,  
And then in earnest to him cried,  
"Hast thou no fix'd retreat?"

Enrag'd, responsive, thus he spoke,  
 "Sure, silly friend, you only joke,  
 "Or never heard of fate.

"With reason's eye here take a glance---  
 "Through time and space's vast expanse,  
 " (Nor blink it with a tear)  
 "At one, by Cesar's palace doors,  
 "Who knocking there incessant roars,  
 "Is any body here?"

#### SNOW.

**F**EATHERY showers from Winter's  
 throne,  
 Trembling thro' the spheres of light,  
 Till lapp'd by Earth from zone to zone  
 To make her bosom white;  
 On whom the moon in silence dwells  
 While passing night's lone dream,  
 And whom she loves,---for this she tells  
 By the smile of her pure beam.  
 The gentlest form of Winter's power,  
 Minstrel'd from the polar star,  
 Resting on tree and blade and flower  
 Like one that comes from far;  
 On whom the frosty wind displays  
 The beauty of his breath,  
 And whom he loves,---for he delays  
 To preserve that form from death.

Crisp'd into stars of crystalline  
 Over vales and mountains driven,  
 The Sun beholds them and they shine  
 Like orbs surrounding Heaven;  
 Then, in a moment's heat, they melt  
 To lucid rivers;----aye,  
 Like joys the human heart hath felt  
 Which in tears dissolve away!  
 Jan. 1820. J. R. PRIOR.

#### A SUNDAY IN AUTUMN.

**S**WEET is the Autumnal day,  
 The Sabbath of the year,  
 When the sun sheds a soft and farewell ray,  
 And journeys slowly on his silent way,  
 And wintry storms are near.  
 Sweet is the Autumnal rose  
 That lingers late in bloom;  
 And while the north wind on his bosom blows,  
 Upon the chill and misty air bestows  
 A cherishing perfume.  
 Sweet is life's setting ray,  
 While Hope stands smiling near;  
 When the soul muses on the future day,  
 And through the clouds that shade her home-  
 ward way,  
 Heaven's azure skies appear.

### INTELLIGENCE.

A work called *Winter Nights*, by NATHAN DRAKE, M. D. author of *Literary Hours*, &c. &c. will appear in April.

The personal History of George the Third, undertaken with the assistance of persons officially connected with the late King; and dedicated, by permission to his present Majesty, by EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER, Esq. F. R. S. will soon appear, handsomely printed, with portraits, fac-similes, &c. in 4to.

Mr. JAMES GREY JACKSON, late British Consul at Santa Cruz, South Barbary, and resident merchant upwards of sixteen years in various parts of the empire of Morocco, professor of Arabic, and author of an account of the empire of Morocco, and the districts of Susa, Tafilet, Timbuctoo, &c. has in the press, and will publish next month, in one volume 8vo. an Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, territories in the interior of Africa, by EL HAGE ABD SALAM SHABEENIE, a native of Morocco, who personally visited and resided as a merchant in those interesting countries, with notes, critical and explanatory. To which will be added, Letters descriptive of several Journeys through West and South Barbary, and across the Mountains of Altas.

The Village of Mariendorf, a Romance, by Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER, is in the press. In a few days will appear, *Tales of the Priory*, 3 vols. 12mo, by Mrs. HOFLAND.

The Life of the Right Honourable R. B. Sheridan, by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. with a portrait, is in progress; as well as the Works of the same writer, now first collected, &c.

The New Cyclopædia; or Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature, by ABRAHAM REES, D. D. F. A. S. L. S. &c. will be completed in one more part, making seventy-eight, which will be published in a few weeks.

Mr. LEIGH HUNT, author of *Rimini*, will soon publish a Translation of *Amyntas*, a Tale of Woods, from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. This work will be embellished with a highly-finished Portrait of Tasso.

The Rev. ALEX. STEWART, author of the *Lives of Blair*, and Robertson, has in the press a History of Great Britain, from the Accession of George II. till his death.

Dr. WEATHERHEAD, Author of a Treatise on the Diagnosis of Erysipelas, has just published a Treatise on infantile and adult Rickets; with Remarks on Nursing, for the consideration of Mothers, as connected with this disease, together with a plate and description of an improved reclining couch for the use of the distorted.

A letter from Captain De Peyster, on a voyage from Valparaiso to Calcutta, states:---On the evening of the 17th of May, 1819, one of the people discovered a large fire; that they hove-to until daylight, when another small low island appeared five miles under our lee; we passed it close, it appeared clothed with cocoa-nut trees, and doubtless inhabited, and has never before been noticed. To the former we gave the name of Ellice; and to the latter the officers and passengers gave the name of De Peyster's Islands. Ellice's Group lies in long. 180. 54. W. lat. 8. 29. S.; De Peyster's Islands, 181. 43. W. lat. 8. 5. S.

The number of letters of all descriptions delivered daily by the post, in Paris, is, on an average, 32,000; and of journals 1800; while in London, the letters are 133,000; and the journals 26,000; making, in the former capital, one letter among seventy-two persons, and one journal among three hundred and eighty-eight; and in the latter, one letter among nine persons, and one journal among forty-three.